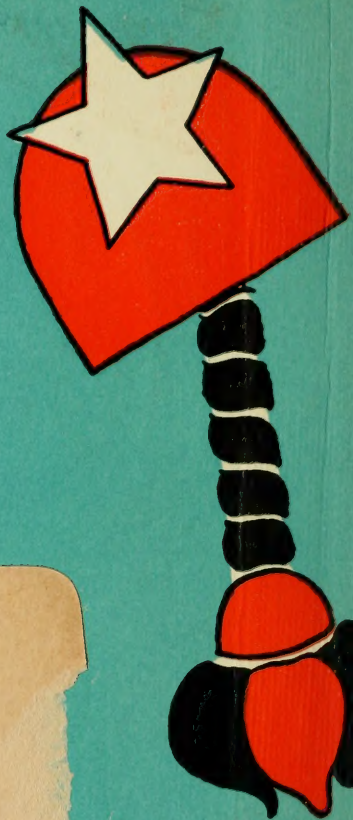
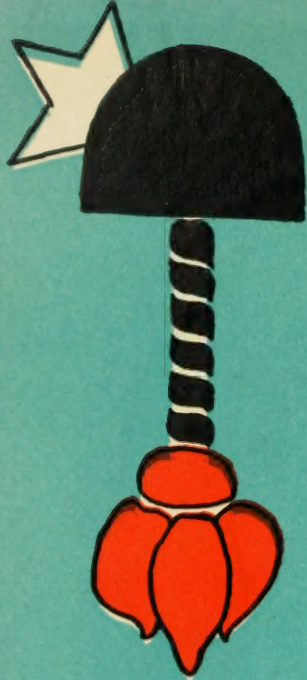


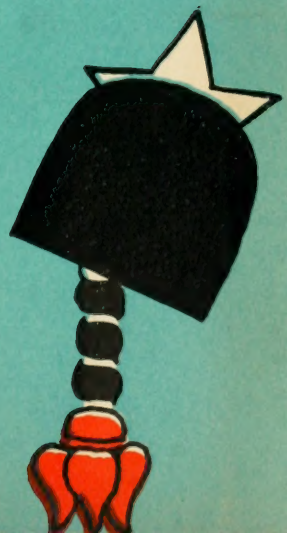
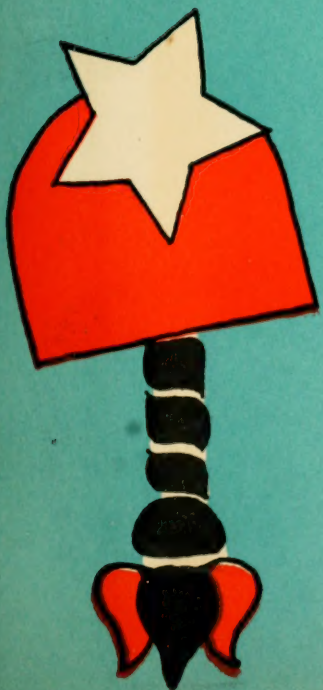
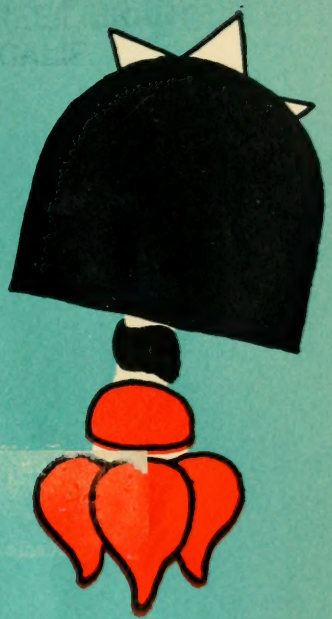


**9**  
**SHORT**  
**PLAYS**  
  
**JAGENDORF**





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**NINE SHORT PLAYS**

BOOKS BY M. JAGENDORF

*Published by The Macmillan Company*

NINE SHORT PLAYS

*Published by Other Publishers*

ONE ACT PLAYS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

An edited collection of Thirteen Plays for  
Children

FAIRYLAND AND FOOTLIGHTS

Five Plays for Children

PANTOMIMES FOR THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE

Four Pantomimes with Music for Children

THE FARCE OF MASTER PIERRE PATELIN

A farce adopted from the Medieval French

# NINE SHORT PLAYS

*Written for Young People to Stage*

EDITED BY  
M. JAGENDORF



5793

*Stage Settings and Costumes by*  
REMO BUFANO

23841

New York  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
1928

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To

BARRETT H. CLARK

IN SINCERE ADMIRATION AND FRIENDSHIP  
AND FOR HIS ENCOURAGEMENT  
OF YOUNG PEOPLE



## TOWARD A CHILDREN'S DRAMATIC LITERATURE

There is usually one reason for repeating an anthology, to wit, popular demand. Since the appearance of "One Act Plays for Young Folks,"<sup>1</sup> the demands for producing the works in that volume have been so numerous and persistent (there have been close to two thousand requests in the United States and Canada), the comments have been so pleasing and commendatory, that I feel encouraged to make another attempt. Moreover, I have an additional reason, an entirely different but perhaps more important one.

"One Act Plays for Young Folks" represented an effort in a definite direction which I sensed but did not fully understand at that time.

In seeking material for the Children's Playhouse, an organization which has been producing children's plays since 1923, and in watching others at the same task for their groups, I learned quickly that the plays available were very, very rarely written for a children's theater. Rather were they written because the idea is current that children should have plays; because such things are presumably of excellent recreational and educational value; and, because they make excellent propaganda for worthy causes. Few if any authors of children's plays show a clear-cut striving for a children's dramatic literature,

<sup>1</sup> Published by Brentano's, New York.

or rather for good drama, theater drama, suitable for a children's theater.

Nor did I have the idea clearly defined in my own mind when gathering the material for my first book. All I knew then was that I could not find good "acting" plays among the existing publications, whereupon I wrote to an endless number of people I knew for original manuscripts and chose the most actable ones for production and publication.

It was the success of these plays amongst those who seek them for production, and the desire for more and better ones, that made me realize the great need of "a children's dramatic literature."

Why is there no children's dramatic literature? There is fine, beautiful, children's poetry; there is great stirring prose. Why are there no children's plays equal in sensitive beauty to Blake's and Stevenson's children's poems? Why no children's plays as perfect in conception and execution as "Alice in Wonderland"?

Can there be no fine children's drama? Wolgast, one of the most important educators of Germany, says it cannot be. I take definite exception to such a dogmatic denial of the possibility of a children's dramatic literature. It is just as possible to create fine, great children's plays as it is possible to create anything that is fine and great, and, just as difficult. Like any creation, it will require a genius to beget it. It will require a great mental power to create this new world, to people it with entirely new characters who will live as real in their domain as those of Shakespeare live in theirs.

A new art will have to be created, new fields of thought will have to be planted in those who are interested in this

special activity. Something entirely original will have to be built up. The new dramatist will create fine dramatic works mindful of the psychology of youthful spectators and actors. We are on the road toward such a children's dramatic literature. What with the stimulus of more than a hundred thousand children's productions a year in the United States alone (including school plays) such creation is about to make its appearance. If nothing else, necessity will be the seed for the perfect dramatic fruit.

The plays submitted to the Children's Playhouse, and to other children's playhouses throughout the country, of late show progress. They show a more certain technique of the medium; the manuscripts are almost invariably original, rather than dramatizations which generally were a hodgepodge of existing material. There is a definite realization that these plays are for a children's theater first. That is the initial step toward the creation of a real children's dramatic literature. Such a cause alone surely is worth a new anthology.

There is still one more reason for this volume. The rarest type of children's play is the kind that is suitable for the boy and the girl of the indeterminate age; for boys and girls from thirteen to seventeen. These children have wandered about in a dramatic no-man's land which is as ghastly as—no-man's land. They dislike the plays for younger children, and the plays of Eugene O'Neill and Dunsany—two authors who are their great favorites—fit them as a high silk hat might fit a babe.

For years I have been pleading for plays to fill that gap, and of late a few works have made their appearance. The collection here presented has these ideals as its objective. Of course, the plays are very, very far

from what the ideals will be, but dramatically—or theatrically, if you will—as a medium toward good children’s theater, some of them are a distinct step in the right direction. None of them contains characters that are outside the acting possibility of the children—often the most glaring defect in the plays offered to the young actor. All of them are producible; they present no problems the child cannot solve; they can be given on any stage, or at home, at camp, or at school. There are three or four plays suitable for older children. Last, but far from least, they are manuscript for the children to stage, for the director of children’s plays, for the child actor, and the child spectator. If by some good fortune they make good reading, contain a lesson, and give recreational pleasure, they have additional virtues which are ever included in good drama.

Let these works contribute to the beginning of a dramatic literature which will come, under suitable conditions, and by constant striving in the right direction.

M. JAGENDORF

NEW YORK CITY,  
January 13, 1928.

## FOR THE PRODUCER

Practically all the plays in this volume have been produced at the Children's Playhouse. Those which have not been given, have had a tryout; that is, they were gone through several times by a cast. Therefore, all the cutting and changes that are often necessary in playscripts, will be found unnecessary here.

At the end of the volume is a description of the settings, scenery, costumes, properties, lighting, make-up, dances, etc., of each play.

Of course, in no case does the producer have to follow the directions to the letter. Scenery, costumes, everything can be changed according to the material on hand and ability available. If the director happens to have a good scene designer, a good dancer, or any other individual of outstanding talent in the organization, the wisest thing will be to permit complete expression of this ability. Where, however, as in schools or camp, the production has to be done in three weeks or so, the directions should be found of great help.

The problem of scenery is eliminated by using the "Screen System." The acceptance of scenery on the stage as real by an audience is a graceful act of coöperation between spectator and author. The fundamental requisites are, that the stage shall be artistically pleasing, and that it help to carry the action. In more than ten years' experience with children's productions, I have found that screens against a neutral background were sufficient

scenery provided they contained these two fundamental requisites. In the final analysis children never really think of the scenery. It is the action of the play that interests them.

Such sets of screens are easily constructed. A carpenter should build them; if it is too expensive to employ one, the children can make them as well. But they must be set up sturdily so that they can be used over again as the seasons go along.

Build three sets of heavy double screen frames of pine strip about 2x3 in. The height should be gauged by the height of the stage. The most convenient height is 3x5 feet for each panel, or 4x6 feet. The material can be bought in any lumber yard. After the frame has been nailed together, reënforce by braces on the inside of the frames. This will enable you to use both sides for the same play by simply turning the screens around. There is a type of wide corrugated nail without a head which if used will help reënforce the frames considerably.

Cover the frame with unbleached muslin, size (whiting and glue), and it is ready for the painting of the scene. Instead of the muslin, beaver board might be used; it costs about four cents a square foot. This is better than muslin because it eliminates the sizing. Show-card colors are most effective on this medium. Perhaps the best cover for the frames is drawing paper. It is much easier to manipulate, can be fastened with thumb tacks, and will show the colors to the best advantage.

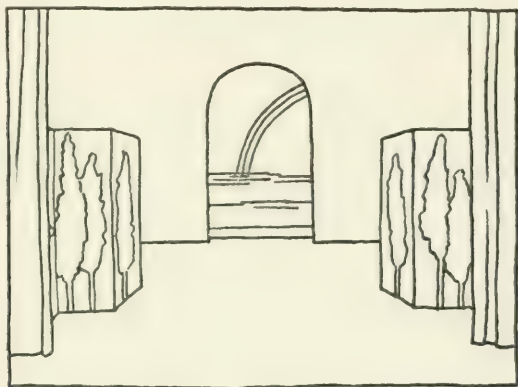
Three such two-screen panels will take care of all the plays in this volume.

If the producer has screens on hand, these can be used instead of constructing the special set. They may



be three-paneled instead of two. They can be of any size.

Where the screens are used as described, exits and entrances through doors and windows are eliminated. The character simply comes in from the side of the screen and goes out the same way.



A word anent lighting and make-up, which are of great importance in any play.

It would be well for any boy or girl, or any mature person interested in production of plays, to read carefully through some of the textbooks on play-producing in the Little Theaters. Probably half the failure of a play is due to the lack of knowledge of the technical end of producing. A thorough understanding of lighting and make-up is indispensable.

This is not the place, of course, for going into detailed description of the technique of light and make-up; the following suggestions are only meager hints which must

be supplemented with works that deal with these subjects in detail.

*Lighting:* If ordinary high-powered bulbs are used, colored glass such as can be bought from any glazier, placed in front of these bulbs, will produce the light desired for the action. Where spotlights and dimmers are available, special containers will be found attached for holding prepared colored plates to produce the light required.

For firelight, mix red with amber. Deep amber is best for producing flames.

Steel blue or light green will give moonlight. The actor must be heavily made up under such light.

For producing fantastic light cross green and magenta from opposite sides of the stage.

Colors will not show under moonlight.

*Make-Up:* Make-up is necessary in rare cases in children's plays. Generally, just a little color on the cheeks and lips to avoid the pallor caused by high lights is sufficient. In any case, the following suggestions will be found helpful.

First rub the face well with cold cream, then wipe it off. Next put face powder on, and then lay on the ground tone. The face powder should be used after every operation. The ground color should always be a brown with a bit of yellow—never pink. Next lay on the cheek color. For male characters this should be spread evenly over the cheeks; for females it should be accentuated high up on the cheek bones and under the eyes.

The only important make-up called for in this volume is for very old characters, enchanter, etc. After the cold cream has been used and a gray-white face powder laid

over it, darken the hollows of the eyes with light brown or a light blue; put in a few wrinkles; mark the lines from the nose to the end of the mouth. Then heighten all these lines by putting against them a little white grease paint or pigment.

The costumes and the materials to be used are described with each play.



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THE FAIRY RING  
(The Tale of a Night)

—BY—

MADGE ANDERSON

A description of the scenery, costumes, timing, properties, and staging in general of the play will be found at the end of the volume.

## THOSE WHO ARE IN THE PLAY

PROLOGUE  
SEVEN O'CLOCK  
POPLAR  
PINE  
WILLOW  
NIGHT  
MAPLE  
ELM  
APPLE TREE  
OAK  
EIGHT O'CLOCK  
DUSK  
WIND  
NINE O'CLOCK  
SHADOWS  
TEN O'CLOCK  
STARS  
ELEVEN O'CLOCK  
MOON

GOBLIN SHARP NOSE  
LONG EARS  
BEETLE EYES  
CROOKED HEART  
TWISTED FINGER  
MOONBEAMS  
TWELVE O'CLOCK  
FAIRIES  
ONE O'CLOCK  
FLOWERS  
TWO O'CLOCK  
THREE O'CLOCK  
FOUR O'CLOCK  
FIVE O'CLOCK  
SIX O'CLOCK  
DAWN  
SUN  
EPILOGUE





*Shadow*

*Prologue Moonbeam*

*Dawn*

## THE FAIRY RING

The games to be played in this pageant, and the music, are familiar to children and their teachers. The music of the games and songs may be found in "Our Old Nursery Rhymes" and "Little Songs of Long Ago," by H. Willebeek Le Mair, and, with descriptions of the games, in "Games for Playtime and Parties," by S. V. Wilman. The pageant may be acted on a stage platform, or in the center of a room or, best of all places, out of doors. Special costumes are not necessary, for the children can stand and act appropriately to the parts they play and each character will be recognized by the audience, because his name is announced before his appearance. There need be no audience, as in every part of the play there are enough actors who are off the stage to watch the others play. If there is an invited audience, costumes such as those in the illustrations can easily be made by the children. If the Trees, Flowers, Goblins, and Stars take their places in the order in which they speak, the children who play those parts will remember their cues more easily, for in the episodes in which any of these groups act, the characters take turns speaking the lines.

PROLOGUE [*comes in front of the curtain*]: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen—for it is evening now. You may think it is morning [*“afternoon” or “night,” as the time may be*]. But I have come to tell you that it is evening. It must be evening now, for I am here, and I am Evening. I must be Evening, for evening comes before the Night and Night will soon be here. I will show it—or rather her—to you when I draw this curtain [*or, if there is no curtain, “when I wave my wand”*]. Then you will see Night and all her family, the Hours, pass by. Twelve brothers and sisters are they, busy workers all, with pleasant tasks, to bring the shadows, the stars, the moon, the midnight, which is fairy time. Fairies? Perhaps. I cannot promise. But who knows what may happen? Strange things occur in the dark of night, that mortals cannot see. I cannot make them happen. I can only draw the curtain from your mortal eyes and let you see the mystery of one night. It will seem like a dream to you. You must be very quiet now. Fairy creatures are afraid of being seen by human eyes. They must think you are asleep and dreaming, or they will not come. At the sound of mortal laugh, or cough, or even whisper, they might go away—as I must go, for I am Evening and I came only to bring the Night.

[*Exit PROLOGUE.*]

[*The curtain is drawn, showing the TREES standing in groups, boys and girls who stand in positions which suggest the trees they represent. If there is no curtain, the TREES enter now.*

*Enter at left SEVEN O’CLOCK. He walks across the front of the stage, stopping in the center to strike seven, swinging his arms back and forth*

*like the pendulum of a clock and speaking in a singsong tone.]*

SEVEN O'CLOCK: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong. [*He looks off at the right side of the stage and turns back.*] No one here but the Trees. Has Night come yet, Poplar Tree?

POPLAR TREE: No, Seven O'Clock, I have not seen her.

SEVEN O'CLOCK: Have you seen her, Pine Tree?

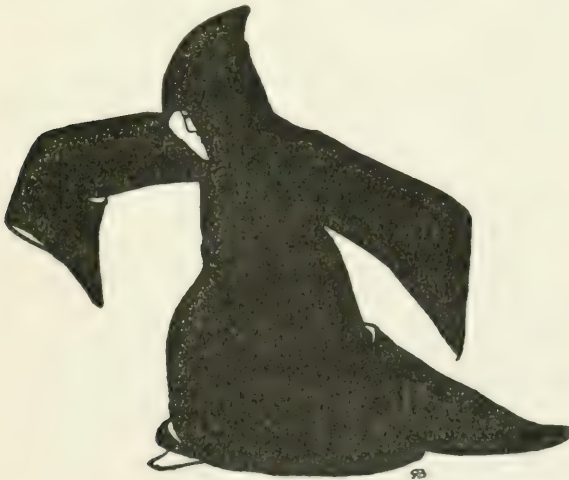
PINE TREE: No, not I.

SEVEN O'CLOCK: Or you, Willow?

WILLOW: No, she has not come.

SEVEN O'CLOCK: How late she is!

[*Enter NIGHT, at right.*]



*Dusk and Night*

NIGHT: Seven O'Clock?

SEVEN O'CLOCK: Yes. I am he. And you?

NIGHT: I am Night.

SEVEN O'CLOCK: It is time you came. I thought you would be here when I arrived. Your sister, Last Night, came earlier. Yet she was late, much later than the Night before. Now I am promptness itself. I come every day just at the same time.

NIGHT: But the Days stay so much longer in the spring-time, each Day longer than her sister. So of course the Nights are later, for Night cannot come until Day is gone. But now that I am here, let us begin our work. There is much to be done, I know, before the Morning comes.

SEVEN O'CLOCK: I cannot stay to help you. I must be gone.

NIGHT: Don't go and leave me with all the work to do alone.

SEVEN O'CLOCK: My brothers and sisters will help you. I have done my share. I have called home the children and seen that the supper dishes were all put away. I have led away the sun from the world and lighted a candle in every window. My work is done and I must go.

[*Exit* SEVEN O'CLOCK.]

NIGHT: But if you go who will tell me what I must do?

POPLAR: We will tell you.

PINE: You must bring the flowers and the summer.

WILLOW: Oh, we have waited so long for the summer! The spring has been so long!

MAPLE: We want to see the flowers again—to feel them grow beneath our feet.

ELM: I want to feel the green leaves round my head.

APPLE TREE: I want to hold the apple blossoms in my hands.

OAK: I want to hear the birds sing in my arms.

POPLAR: Will you bring summer to-night and the flowers?

NIGHT: I do not know.

PINE: Oh, please do!

NIGHT: But I do not know how to bring the flowers—and the summer.



*Tree*

WILLOW: This way, dear Night. All you need to do is to find the Fairies. They will do the rest.

NIGHT: But how can I find the Fairies?

MAPLE: They will come to you of their own accord, if it is a very dark night.

ELM: With very black shadows.

APPLE TREE: And the sky must be clear—no clouds about.

OAK: Yes. But the stars must be out, and the moon.

POPLAR: And it must be midnight.

PINE: And every one must be fast asleep. Fairies must not be seen by mortals. It is dangerous.

WILLOW: And it must be perfectly quiet—not a sound anywhere. Then the Fairies will come.

MAPLE: And dance round and round in the starlight and the moonlight to make a fairy ring.

NIGHT: A Fairy ring?

ELM: It is a magic ring. The first flowers in the spring-time will not grow except in a ring where the Fairies have danced.

APPLE TREE: The good Fairies—not the bad ones.

NIGHT: Bad Fairies?

OAK: Yes, Elves.

POPLAR: Goblins, you know.

PINE: They have long ears like this.

[*Swing their hands out to indicate size.*]

WILLOW: And long, sharp noses like this.

MAPLE: And big, round eyes like this.

NIGHT: How terrible!

ELM: Oh, they are wicked, I tell you! They will try to keep the flowers from coming.

APPLE TREE: You see they live way down in the earth under the grass, where the flowers stay in the winter, and the Goblins want to keep them there.

OAK: So they try to prevent the Fairies from coming to make a ring for the flowers.

POPLAR: Last night they caught the Shepherd Wind. The Wind is a shepherd, you know, and the clouds are his sheep. And they put him to sleep. He will go to sleep.

PINE: And so he let his cloud sheep stray.

WILLOW: And so the Fairies did not come.

ELM: And night before last, the Goblins rattled the windows and banged the doors to keep the children awake. So the Fairies could not come.

APPLE TREE: Fairies won't come, you know, if they think the children are awake.

NIGHT: Then I must go and see that the cloud sheep are safely away and all the children asleep, so the sky will be clear and the Fairies will come. [*She starts to leave, left.*] Ah, Eight O'Clock.

[*The TREES run back to their places. Enter EIGHT O'CLOCK. He strikes eight.*]

EIGHT O'CLOCK: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong. [*He looks behind the TREES.*] Come, Dusk! Come, Dusk!

[*Enter DUSK.*]

DUSK: Here am I!

[*She runs to EIGHT O'CLOCK and puts her hands over his eyes. Then she runs to NIGHT and blind-folds her with her hands.*]

NIGHT: How dark the wood has grown! The trees seem gray and dim.

EIGHT O'CLOCK: It is the Dusk. I have called her here to help you, Night. [*Exit EIGHT O'CLOCK.*]

NIGHT: What can you do to help?

DUSK: What I can do, I have done. I have walked all round the world and left the twilight where I passed.

NIGHT: You have been all around the world? Then tell me, are the children all asleep?

DUSK: No; but they soon will be. They have gone to bed. I saw their candlelights go upwards past the windows on the stairs and I heard their prayers singing on

their flight to heaven. Hark, here comes the Wind to bring their lullaby!

[*The WIND is heard singing outside. He enters to the tune of "Sleep, Baby, Sleep."*]

WIND:

Sleep, children, sleep,  
The weary cloud lambs creep  
Across the sky to the fold  
Away from the dark and the cold.  
Sleep, children, sleep!

Sleep, children, sleep!  
The stars their watch will keep.  
The wind will be your lullaby,  
The moon will guard you, sailing high.  
Sleep, children, sleep!

NIGHT: Is that true, Wind? Are the clouds all gone from the sky?

WIND: Yes, all safe in the fold.

[*Exit WIND, still singing softly.*]

[*Enter NINE O'CLOCK.*]

NINE O'CLOCK [*striking*]: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.

NIGHT: Nine O'Clock!

DUSK: And see the shadows come, dancing in the grass.

[*The SHADOWS enter. One stands beside NIGHT, another beside NINE O'CLOCK, and one behind each TREE. As each one of these characters moves, the SHADOW imitates him. One SHADOW chases DUSK away before it joins its TREE.*]



NIGHT: Each Tree has one, you, you, and I!

NINE O'CLOCK [*to his SHADOW*]: Oh, go away!

SHADOW: I cannot.

[*Now the TREES come out, followed closely by their SHADOWS. They play the game of "The Mulberry Bush," acting like trees and singing, holding arms up like poplar branches.*]

TREES AND SHADOWS:

Here we go in a poplar dance,  
A poplar dance, a poplar dance;  
Here we go in a poplar dance,  
And a Shadow follows each tree.

- (2) Here we go in a pine tree dance, etc.
- (3) Here we go in a willow dance, etc.
- (4) This is the way our branches grow, etc.
- (5) This is the way we shake our leaves, etc.
- (6) This is the way we hold the nests, etc.
- (7) This is the way we dance in the wind, etc.

[*Enter TEN O'CLOCK. The TREES run back to their places. The SHADOWS run away, followed by NINE O'CLOCK.*]

TEN O'CLOCK [*striking*]: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.

NIGHT: Here's Ten O'Clock!

TEN O'CLOCK: And I bring the Stars.

[*Enter the STARS.*]

NIGHT: But not a Star is lighted! How shall we light the Stars?

TEN O'CLOCK: We need a firefly. Come, let us catch one!

[NIGHT and TEN O'CLOCK join hands to make an arch, while the STARS dance past under the arch, singing to the tune of "Oranges and Lemons."]

NIGHT AND TEN O'CLOCK:

Oh, we need a firefly that will light up the Stars,  
 A flashing firefly that will light up the Stars,  
 Let's catch a firefly that will light up the Stars.  
 Is this one the one? Say is this one the Firefly?  
 That's not the one. That one's not the Firefly.  
 Here comes the Firefly to light up the Stars,  
 We've caught a firefly to light up the Stars!

[With the last line, the arch falls, catching one of the STARS, who becomes the FIREFLY. The other STARS circle about him while he lights a STAR by catching it and taking it to the center of the ring. Then both FIREFLY and the lighted STAR catch STARS until all the STARS are lighted. Whenever a STAR is caught his captor cries, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star! You are lighted!"]

[Enter ELEVEN O'CLOCK. The STARS step back of the TREES and stand holding their lights. Exit TEN O'CLOCK.]

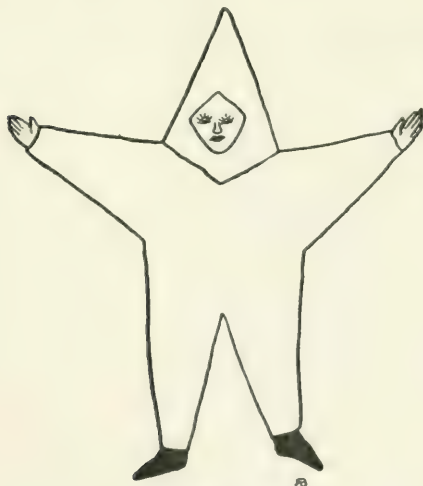
ELEVEN O'CLOCK [*striking*]: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong. Here comes the Moon!

[Enter the MOON, carrying a lantern. He stands amidst the TREES.]

NIGHT: It is well. Now all is ready. It is almost midnight, the fairy hour.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK: Then we must go. Fairies will not come while I am here.

[*Exit NIGHT and ELEVEN O'CLOCK. While the MOON swings his lantern and the TREES sway, the STARS sing, to the tune of "Girls and Boys, Come Out to Play."*]



Star

STARS:

Fairies, fairies, come and play.  
The moon doth shine as bright as day!  
Come with the dew, come with the showers,  
Come in the night, and bring the flowers!  
Round and around, the fairy ring,  
Oh, fairies, come, fairies, come and dance and sing!

[*Enter the GOBLINS, dancing to the time of the above music.*]

ALL THE GOBLINS: Sh, sh, sh!

**SHARP NOSE:** This will never do. The clouds are gone; the children are all asleep; everything is quiet, except for the song of the Stars! Unless we do something right away, the Fairies will come to earth. And then we shall lose our beautiful flowers. They will grow up in the fairy ring.

**LONG EARS:** It's all your fault, Beetle Eyes! Why did you let the Wind drive the clouds away to-night?

**BEETLE EYES:** I couldn't help it, Long Ears. He is



R

*Goblin*

stronger than I am and he didn't go to sleep. He whistled to keep himself awake, like this.

**CROOKED HEART:** Then it is your fault, Twisted Fingers! Why did you let the mortal children go to sleep to-night? You know the fairies cannot come while children are awake!

**TWISTED FINGERS:** I could not help it. The Wind sang them a lullaby.

SHARP NOSE: Plague take the Wind!

LONG EARS: Something must be done!

BEETLE EYES: Let us wake the children! Let us all call them at once and make a big noise.

CROOKED HEART: Huh, that wouldn't wake a fly!

TWISTED FINGERS: Let us get the frogs to croak.

BEETLE EYES: That won't wake them either. We must have a loud noise.

CROOKED HEART: I have an idea. Let's get the dog to bark!

TWISTED FINGERS: Who? Towser? He won't wake the children. He's their very best friend.

SHARP NOSE: I'll pull his tail and make him bark!

LONG EARS: And all the noises together will wake the children!

BEETLE EYES: And then Fairies cannot come.

CROOKED HEART: Twisted Fingers, you get the frogs to croak.

TWISTED FINGERS: Here I go!

[*Exit* TWISTED FINGERS.]

SHARP NOSE: Long Ears, will you pull Towser's tail?

LONG EARS: I will pull Towser's tail, with pleasure!

[*Exit* LONG EARS.]

BEETLE EYES: Let us all hide!

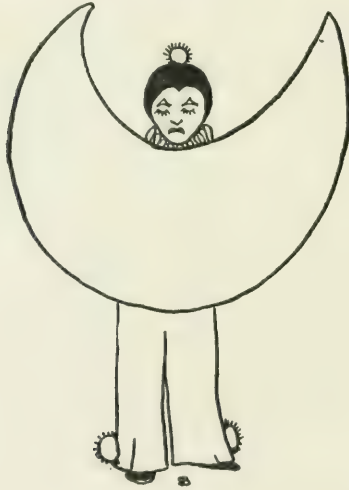
CROOKED HEART: And call with all our might!

[*Exit all* GOBLINS.]

MOON: Oh, those wicked Goblins! Now what can be done to keep the children from waking? I know! I'll weave a dream to keep the children sleeping—and a dream for Towser too, so that if his tail is pulled he will not wake but only bark softly in his dreams. And if the children see the Fairies, they will see them in a dream and will not remem-

ber. Come, come, my Moonbeams, come and weave a dream!

[*Enter the MOONBEAMS. One of them carries a ball of yellow or orange string, which she tosses to the MOON. The MOON stands facing the MOONBEAMS and throws the ball to each in turn, who retains hold of the string, but throws the ball back to the MOON until each MOONBEAM has a loop of string from the ball which the MOON holds. As the ball is tossed back and forth, the MOON speaks.*]



*Moon*

MOON:

Here's the warp of moonbeam dream,  
To make real things but fancies seem,  
Back and forth, back and forth,  
Weaving the warp of a dream,  
Back and forth, here and there,  
Weaving a moonbeam dream.

[*Then while the MOON, still holding the ball, turns slowly around, the MOONBEAMS circle about her, and the MOON speaks.*]

MOON:

Here's the woof of a moonbeam dream,  
To make real things but fancies seem,  
Over and under, in and out,  
Weaving the woof of a dream,  
In and out, and round about,  
Weaving a moonbeam dream.

MOON: Now, bark, dogs, croak, frogs, call, elves and goblins, you cannot break our dream! Carry it to the world and spread it wide. [*The MOONBEAMS carry the dream away. The GOBLINS are heard calling, "Wake, wake, wake!"*]

[*Enter TWELVE O'CLOCK.*]

TWELVE O'CLOCK [*striking*]: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong. Hush! The Fairies come!

[*Exit TWELVE O'CLOCK.*]

[*Enter the FAIRIES. They dance in a circle, playing the game of "A Ring of Roses," singing these words.*]

FAIRIES:

Ring a ring of fairies,  
A magic ring of fairies,  
Fairies, fairies, all bow down!

Ring a ring of roses,  
A ring will bring the posies,  
Fairies, fairies, all kneel down!

HONEY BEE: Let's call the Wind to bring his clouds and give us dew!

FAIRIES [*calling*]: Come, Wind! Come, Dew!

[*Exit* FAIRIES.]

[*Enter* ONE O'CLOCK.]

ONE O'CLOCK [*striking*]: Ding-dong! One O'Clock and all is well!

[*Exit.*]



Fairy



Hours

[*Enter the* GOBLINS.]

SHARP NOSE: What's this?

LONG EARS: A fairy ring.

TWISTED FINGERS: It's your fault, Sharp Nose! You didn't call as loud as the rest of us!

SHARP NOSE: No, it's your fault, Long Ears! Towser didn't bark loud enough!

LONG EARS: It's your fault, Twisted Fingers! The frogs did not croak loud enough!



BEETLE EYES: What difference does it make now who is to blame? The question is, what can we do about it?

CROOKED HEART: It's no use doing anything. The Fairies have been here and made the ring.

TWISTED FINGERS: But there is no dew here yet. The flowers will not come until the dew is here.

SHARP NOSE: I have a plan. Let's put umbrellas all around the ring to keep off the dew.

LONG EARS: Where shall we get umbrellas?

BEETLE EYES: Toadstools might do.

CROOKED HEART: Let us borrow the toad's umbrellas.

TWISTED FINGERS: Hurry, hurry! Morning will soon be here, and when the cock crows our power will be gone.

*[The GOBLINS run out and return with umbrellas (children whose heads are completely covered with parasols or umbrellas). The FLOWERS really carry the umbrellas, but hold them down over their heads so that the audience cannot see that they are flowers. The GOBLINS lead them to the fairy ring and they sit in a circle with their umbrellas hiding them from the audience.]*

SHARP NOSE: Umbrellas, stay there and keep off the dew!

*[Enter TWO O'CLOCK. The GOBLINS run away.]*

TWO O'CLOCK *[striking]*: Ding-dong, ding-dong!

*[Exit.]*

*[Enter the FAIRIES with the WIND.]*

FIRST FAIRY: Here is the place for the dew, Wind! Bring in your clouds! Why, what are these?

SECOND FAIRY: Goblin umbrellas.

THIRD FAIRY: To keep off the dew.

FOURTH FAIRY: Please blow them away, Wind!

WIND [*blowing*]: I cannot. They are magic umbrellas.

FIFTH FAIRY: Oh, the dew cannot fall on the fairy ring!

SIXTH FAIRY: And the Flowers will stay away!

SEVENTH FAIRY: And the summer will not come!

FIRST FAIRY: What shall we do? Oh, Trees, please help us!

POPLAR TREE: We cannot. We can only shake the drops from our branches.

PINE TREE: It will fall on the Goblin toadstool umbrellas.

SECOND FAIRY: Oh, Moon, please help us!

MOON: I cannot. I can only bring the rain. I cannot make it fall under umbrellas.

THIRD FAIRY: Oh, Stars, please help us!

FIRST STAR: We will.

SECOND STAR: You shall have our dippers!

FOURTH FAIRY: Your dippers!

THIRD STAR: The big dipper that hangs on the north wall of the sky, and the little dipper on the south wall. Take them and pour the dew under the umbrellas.

FIFTH FAIRY: Oh, thank you, Stars!

SIXTH FAIRY: We must hurry! The cock may crow any minute now. Then it will be too late. [*Exit FAIRIES.*]

[*Enter THREE O'CLOCK.*]

THREE O'CLOCK [*striking*]: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong! [*Exit.*]

[*Enter the FAIRIES, carrying dippers. Each FAIRY gives a drink to a FLOWER, who closes her umbrella and stands up to drink more. Then each FAIRY catches a FLOWER about the waist and they dance*

*in a ring, singing to the tune of "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary."]*

FLOWERS AND FAIRIES:

Fairies, fairies, fairies, fairies,  
How does your garden grow?  
With crocuses white, and tulips bright,  
And hyacinths all in a row!

Fairies, fairies, fairies, fairies,  
How does your garden grow?  
With violets blue, and Mayflowers true,  
And daffodils all in a row!

[*Enter FOUR O'CLOCK.*]

FOUR O'CLOCK [*striking*]: Ding-dong, ding-dong,  
ding-dong, ding-dong. [*Exit.*]

FIRST FAIRY: It is Four O'Clock! The Trees must have their green dresses.

SECOND FAIRY: Hurry! The cock might crow before the Trees are green.

[*The FAIRIES run out and return with green robes, which they throw around the TREES.*]

[*Then FAIRIES, FLOWERS, and TREES all dance in circles, the FLOWERS in the center moving toward the left, the FAIRIES dancing to the right outside the circle of FLOWERS, and the TREES dancing to the left, outside the circle of the FAIRIES. Tune: "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary." The FLOWERS sing during the dance.*]

FLOWERS:

Fairies, fairies, fairies, fairies,  
How does your garden grow?

Blossoms of May, and roses gay,  
And green trees all in a row!

[*The cock crows outside. The FAIRIES run away, taking the umbrellas. The TREES rush to their places and stand perfectly still. The FLOWERS sit down in the fairy ring.*

*Enter FIVE O'CLOCK, followed by the DAWN, who drives away the STARS and the MOON.*

FIVE O'CLOCK [*striking*]: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong! See, Dawn, here are the Flowers! Summer has come in the night!

[*DAWN carries a lantern and walks about the stage holding her light in front of each TREE and FLOWER while FIVE O'CLOCK speaks.*]

FIVE O'CLOCK: Oh, the Trees are green! They rustled then! The Flowers stirred! I saw the Crocus smile. The Daffodil nodded its head just now. The Violet whispered to the Hyacinth! The world still sleeps! But see beyond the eastern hill, the light! Come, Dawn, we'll go and light the world. [*Exit FIVE O'CLOCK.*]

[*Enter SIX O'CLOCK.*]

SIX O'CLOCK [*striking*]: Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!

DAWN: Ah, Six O'Clock! And here's the Sun!

[*Enter the SUN.*]

Nothing left for you to do, my friend, but wake the children! As if that were nothing at all! I tell you there are folks who have tried to do that very thing and failed.

[*He sings to the tune of "Dame, Get Up and Bake Your Pies."*]

SUN:

Children, wake and open eyes,  
 Open eyes, open eyes.  
 Children, wake and open eyes,  
 It's six o'clock in the morning!

Children, wake, the flowers are here,  
 The flowers are here, the flowers are here,  
 Children, wake, the flowers are here,  
 It's six o'clock in the morning!

Children, wake, the summer's come,  
 The summer's come, the summer's come,  
 Children, wake, the summer's come,  
 Oh, wake, it's a summer morning!

[*Exit SIX O'CLOCK and the SUN.*]

[*Enter EPILOGUE—the same person who first appeared as PROLOGUE.*]

EPILOGUE [*smiling radiantly*]: Good morning, ladies and gentlemen! I am the Morning now. I was the Evening when I came before the Night. And now as I come after the Night, I am the Morning. So morning is here. I will draw the curtain. You will not need its magic any more. Mortals can see in daylight. So there! [*He draws the curtain.*] Now the dream is over and the day awaits you. May it be a good day for you! [*Exit EPILOGUE.*]



DING-A-LING

*After the Russian of Alex Remison*

—BY—

MAURICE RELONDE

A description of the scenery, costumes, properties, and staging in general of this play will be found at the end of the volume.

## THOSE WHO ARE IN THE PLAY

SPRING	IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH
MASTER SUN	SHEMYAK EGARI
NORTH WIND	SHIPLIWORZLOFF
GOD'S ANGEL	SOFT CLOUD
BABY BLADE	VIOLET
GREEN BLADE	THREE LILIES OF THE VALLEY
BENDING BLADE	TWO PANSIES
WHISPERING BLADE	TWO FORGET-ME-NOTS
SHARP BLADE	TWO CLOVERS
EDGED BLADE	THREE CLOUDS
FUZZY BLADE	RAINBOW
VASILOWITCH MARUCESS	
POSHLIPUFKA	





Cloud

North Wind

Spring

Clovers

## DING-A-LING

The stage shows a backdrop and three screens painted to suggest spring. A hill runs along the back. On the side of the stage lies a horse's skull.

SPRING [*enters, bows to the audience, and speaks*]: There are all kinds of good and bad in this world. I belong to the good kind, I am Spring, I am warm days and glad Sunshine. I've come to find the red-nosed North Wind and drive him back to his cold kingdom.

NORTH WIND [*enters*]: Here I am. What do you want?

SPRING: You'll learn soon enough, little wild brother. I've been sent here to drive you away. Go away. [*Raises his hand.*] I command you to stop blowing cold blasts. [*SPRING walks toward NORTH WIND who retreats.*]

NORTH WIND: And why must I stop blowing cold blasts?

SPRING: Because you are commanded by one greater than you or I. I, warm days, am back again. You, who blow coldness, must go.

NORTH WIND [*still retreating slowly, while SPRING walks forward*]: I'll not blow, blow, blow with my pierc-

*North Wind*

ing lips; and I'll not puff, puff, puff with my ruddy cheeks.

SPRING: Well, it's a good thing.

NORTH WIND: But I'll return one of these bright days—you just wait! You just wait!

[*Goes out. MASTER SUN comes in and stands to one side.*]

SPRING: Good riddance! Now I'll awake the little green Grass. Awake, Grass! Warmth is here! Cold blowing North Wind is gone, praise God.

[*The little GRASS BLADES come in from all corners and perform a dance.\* As they dance the horse's skull commences to move, and out leap three tiny devils.*]

BABY BLADE: Oh, look, look!

\* Music, "Spring Song," Mendelssohn; or "Queen of April," Old French song, version by Deems Taylor.

GREEN BLADE: Don't they look like devils!

BENDING BLADE: Sh . . . Don't say that!

WHISPERING BLADE: Why not? They look nice.



*Blade*



*Angel*

SHARP BLADE: Do they? But they look like devils just the same.

EDGED BLADE: Who are you three?

FUZZY BLADE: How did you get here?

[*All the little GRASS BLADES stare at the three LITTLE DEVILS.*]

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: I am Vasilowitch Maruchess Poshlipufka. I am the youngest nephew of the Devil, and don't you look at me so.

BABY BLADE: Why not?

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: I am Shemyak

Egari Shipliworzloff, the next youngest nephew of the Devil, and don't you look at me like that.

GREEN BLADE: I will look at you as I like.

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: I am Ivan Manya Tsarevich, the third youngest nephew of the Devil, and stop looking at me like that.

BENDING BLADE: We'll look at you as we please.

ALL THREE LITTLE DEVILS: No, you won't.

ALL THE GRASS BLADES: Yes, we will.

[*At that moment the quarrel is interrupted by the entry of a SOFT CLOUD, which goes to the very center of the stage, where it stops. Out steps the ANGEL OF THE LORD from behind it.*]

GOD'S ANGEL: May God bless you, little Cloud, for your kindness. [The CLOUD goes out.]

BENDING BLADE: Oh, look, look, see who has come.

WHISPERING BLADE: An angel!

GOD'S ANGEL: Yes, I am a little angel of the Lord, a little Sun of the Heaven, and I was sent to help Spring bring joy.

EDGED BLADE: Drive away the horned Devils.

GOD'S ANGEL: Why drive them away and bring anger in the world? Rather let us wake the Flowers and bring gladness to all. Let us help the Flowers come forth to make the meadows and hills beautiful and fill the air with sweet perfume.

FUZZY BLADE: A fine idea!

SPRING: The gentle swaying Grass children have come forth, spreading their beauty over the hills. With soundless flight the birds fly under the warm sky. Wake up, Flowers! The birds are frolicking; the little cuckoo is

calling in the dark wood. Sing, Birds! Sing and bring joy to all.

[*The GRASSES sway this way and that way. God's ANGEL raises his hands heavenward; the LITTLE DEVILS snicker.*]

GOD'S ANGEL: Awake! Raise your little heads from



*Devil*

warm Mother Earth's bosom! Enough of sleep. I am here. Spring is here. I call you! Brother Sun is here. Red-checked, blowing North Wind is gone. Arise, Flowers! The warm light is burning in God's world.

[*Three LILIES OF THE VALLEY come running out.*]

GRASSES: Oh, look! Lilies of the Valley! Their little heads are drooping. Their stems are long and green.

GOD'S ANGEL: Sweet Saints' Miters.

[*Two PANSIES come running out.*]

BABY BLADE: Pansies!

GOD'S ANGEL: God's many-colored mantle.

GREEN BLADE: The golden mantle burned by the rays of Brother Sun in blossoming forth.

GOD'S ANGEL: The wonder of it!

[*The DEVIL'S three LITTLE NEPHEWS snicker.*]

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: Hee, hee, hee.

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: We don't see—

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Why this glee!

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: We'll run the Flowers a race!

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: We'll run any one a race.

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: We'll win any race.

BABY BLADE: Look, the little blue heads!

[*Two FORGET-ME-NOTS come running in.*]

GREEN BLADE: Forget-Me-Nots!

BENDING BLADE: Angels' Eyes at night.

FORGET-ME-NOTS: We have come to your call.

[*VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA stretches his long-nailed fingers longingly to entwine the FLOWERS.*]

GOD'S ANGEL: I bless you, little Flowers, jewels of the earth. I bless your meekness; I bless your delicate perfume in the name of the good Father so that none can harm you.

[*The DEVIL'S NEPHEW angrily withdraws his hand.*]

WHISPERING BLADE: Look! See! There comes sweet Clover!

[*Two CLOVERS come running in.*]

SHARP BLADE: Their pale petals are reddening like the dawn.

GOD'S ANGEL: Mother Earth's sweet-scented breath.

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: How I'd like to catch them in the Devil's circle!

GOD'S ANGEL: The Flowers will be loving sisters to you, good green Grasses.

[A VIOLET comes running in.]

EDGED BLADE: Oh! There is the tender Violet.

FUZZY BLADE: She looks like the sky in the early night.



*Violet*



*Sun*

GOD'S ANGEL: Little Stars' cradles. Blessed be they, for they too bring sweet fragrance to the world.

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: Ho, for a little game.

VASILOWITCH MARUCESS POSHLIPUFKA: Would you like to play with us?

SPRING: Why not? This is playing time. We'll play the Flower game.

GOD'S ANGEL: Yes, let us play a game for happiness. We'll go up by the hill.

VASILOWITCH MARUCESS POSHLIPUFKA: And we'll stay down the hill.

GOD'S ANGEL: I'll call the gentle Flowers to me.

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: We'll call the Flowers to us.

GOD'S ANGEL: The lovely Flowers will go whither they will.

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Yes, but if any of your Flowers laugh and snicker at us down the hill, they must come to us.

SPRING: Let it be as you say. Any Flowers who snicker or laugh at you must go to you.

VASILOWITCH MARUCESS POSHLIPUFKA:	} Agreed.
SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF:	
IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH:	

[GOD'S ANGEL and SPRING go up the hill, the DEVIL'S three LITTLE NEPHEW DEVILS go down the hill, the FLOWERS remain in the center.]

GOD'S ANGEL [*in a singsong voice, ringing his bell in time*]: Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, I am calling.

ALL THE FLOWERS [*in the same singsong voice*]: Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, who is calling?

GOD'S ANGEL: An angel of God, with wings all white.

FLOWERS: What for?

GOD'S ANGEL: For a Flower.

FLOWERS: What kind?

GOD'S ANGEL: Angel's eyes at night, sweet Forget-Me-Nots.

FORGET-ME-NOTS: Here we are.



[*The FORGET-ME-NOTS run over to the side of the ANGEL, who caresses them.*]

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA [*he speaks in a sharp staccato tone*]: Knock!

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: Knock!

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Knock!

FLOWERS: Who is calling?

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: I.

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: We.

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: The Devil's three Little Devil Nephews.

FLOWERS: What for?

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: For—

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: A—

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Flower.

FLOWERS: What kind?

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: For—

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: The—

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Pansies.

PANSIES: Here we come.

[*The PANSIES run to the DEVIL's three LITTLE DEVIL NEPHEWS and these get hold of them with their long talons.*]

GOD'S ANGEL [*in a sweet singsong tone*]: Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, lovely bells, I am calling.

FLOWERS: Who is calling?

GOD'S ANGEL: An angel of God with wings all white.

FLOWERS: What for?

GOD'S ANGEL: For a Flower.

FLOWERS: What kind?

GOD'S ANGEL: Sweet Saints' Miters, tender Lilies of the Valley.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY: Here we come.

[*The LILIES OF THE VALLEY run over to the side of the ANGEL, who caresses them gently.*]

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: Knock!

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: Knock!

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Knock!

FLOWERS: Who is calling?

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: I.

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: We.

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: The Devil's three Little Devil Nephews.

FLOWERS: What for?

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: For—

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: A—

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Flower.

FLOWERS: What kind?

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: For—

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: The—

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Clovers.

CLOVERS: Here we are.

[*The CLOVERS run up to the three LITTLE DEVIL NEPHEWS who get hold of them with their long talons.*]

GOD'S ANGEL: Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, lovely bells, I am calling.

FLOWERS: Who is calling?

GOD'S ANGEL: An angel of God with wings all white.

FLOWERS: What for?

GOD'S ANGEL: For a Flower.

FLOWERS: What kind?

GOD'S ANGEL: Angel Stars' beds, sweet-scented Violet.

VIOLET: Here I am.

[*The VIOLET runs up to the ANGEL, who caresses it gently. The ANGEL now rings his bell slowly, and he and the FLOWERS who are on his side hum, very low, a song while they dance in slow rhythm to it.\* When they are through, the DEVIL's three LITTLE NEPHEWS and the FLOWERS who are on their side commence a wild dance, pulling their tails and screaming and laughing shrilly.†*]

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: None must laugh at us.

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: If any one does—

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: He must come over to us at once.

SPRING: We promised that.

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA [*making faces at the VIOLET*]: What is your sin, Violet?

[*The other two LITTLE DEVILS mimic him and they as well as their FLOWERS scream with laughter.*]

GOD'S ANGEL: The Violet has not sinned.

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: Look at our funny faces.

[*The LITTLE DEVILS continue to caper about. They turn somersaults, tug at their horns, wag their tails, cut grimaces, and the FLOWERS on the DEVILS' side scream with laughter. The VIOLET tries very hard to keep a straight face, but finally commences giggling and in the end bursts out laughing.*]

THE THREE LITTLE DEVILS [*dancing in a circle†*]:

\* Music, "Le Soir," by Ludwig Schytte. Op. 12. No. 3.

† Golliwog Dance, by Debussy.

Ho, ho, ho, ho! It is laughing; it has sinned; it must come over to us.

THE PANSIES: You must come to us.



*Forget-me-not*



*Pansy*

THE CLOVERS: You must come to us.

[*The VIOLET comes over to the DEVIL'S NEPHEWS' side.*]

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF [*making faces at the LILIES OF THE VALLEY*]: Look at me, Lilies of the Valley. What is your sin?

[*The other DEVILS mimic him and they as well as their FLOWERS shout with laughter.*]

GOD'S ANGEL: Lilies of the Valley have not sinned.

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Look at our funny faces.

[*The three LITTLE DEVILS again dance wildly. They tickle each other with their tails, they pull one another's nose, they run between one another's legs,*

*and do every other kind of trick imaginable.\* The FLOWERS on the DEVILS' side hold their sides with laughter. The LILIES OF THE VALLEY close their lips tightly, not to laugh, but the three little horned DEVILS act so funnily that soon the FLOWERS' faces commence to twitch and finally they burst out laughing.]*

VASILOWITCH MARUCHESS POSHLIPUFKA: Ho, ho, ho! They are giggling, they are laughing, they must come to us.

PANSIES: Quick, come over to us.

CLOVER: Now you'll be with us.

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: Hurry, you are ours.

*[The LILIES OF THE VALLEY run over to the group at the bottom of the hill while SPRING and GOD'S ANGEL look very sad. The latter puts his hands on the FORGET-ME-NOTS' heads.]*

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: Hi, ho, look at me. Watch me.

*[He and his two little brothers dance a still wilder dance \* while the FLOWERS shout and scream so that you can't hear your own voice.*

*The FORGET-ME-NOTS watch at first with straight faces; then, as the dance becomes more comical, their faces commence to twitch and finally they burst out laughing.]*

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH Ho, ho, ho, they have sinned, they must come to us.

PANSIES: They will now come to us.

A CLOVER: Now we are all together.

\* Golliwog Dance, by Debussy.

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: This way, quick.

[*The ANGEL and SPRING seem on the point of weeping. GOD'S ANGEL'S hands are still on the FORGET-ME-NOTS' heads.*]

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: You agreed, Angel, and you can't break your word.

GOD'S ANGEL: Alas, I cannot.

[*The FORGET-ME-NOTS come over to the other side; the ANGEL and SPRING stand sad and alone. The DEVILS form into a ring and perform all kinds of acrobatic stunts, battling with one another playfully but roughly. In so doing they push the FLOWERS this way, that way, and every way. The little FLOWERS, who cannot stand such rough usage, commence to sway this way and that way, and one by one fall down crushed crying, "Water," "Water." GOD'S ANGEL looks at the scene with sad eyes.*]

GOD'S ANGEL: Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, heaven's little lambs, life-giving Clouds, come this way quickly.

[*Three CLOUDS come in and MASTER SUN walks out. The three LITTLE DEVILS stop their dance abruptly.*]

VASILOWITCH MARUCESS POSHLIPUFKA: No rain! No rain!

SHEMYAK EGARI SHIPLIWORZLOFF: No, we don't want any rain!

IVAN MANYA TSAREVICH: It never rains where we come from.

ALL THREE LITTLE DEVILS: No rain, we don't want any rain. No rain.

GOD'S ANGEL: Sweet refreshing Clouds, the tender

Flowers are dying. They are tired and they need you. Quick, soul-refreshing draught! Quick, kind little Clouds, drop your fresh drops on the Flowers.

*[The CLOUDS sway gently with their hands, dropping their quickening rain (in pantomime) on the FLOWERS.]*

THE THREE LITTLE DEVILS: Au! Au! Au! We don't want any rain!



Rainbow

*[They run out, screaming "Au!" while the FLOWERS slowly rise, happy and refreshed.]*

GOD'S ANGEL: Enough, kind Clouds, sail away into the world with God's blessing. The Flowers have drunk your life-giving draught and the Devils are gone.

*[The CLOUDS go out, and in comes MASTER SUN followed by the RAINBOW.]*

GOD'S ANGEL: Sunshine, the gay musician, and Rain-

bow, the gay color dancer, have come to help celebrate.

MASTER SUN: I am here to bring warmth and gladness.

GOD'S ANGEL: Rainbow, gleaming light over God's throne, hail to you! for you bring jewels to the white world. Make a jewel of each water drop so that the Flowers' hearts are gladdened.

A PANSY: How refreshed we are!

A CLOVER: Master Sun is shining warm.

VIOLET: Rainbow is making jewels for us to play with.

A FORGET-ME-NOT: There is no more noise nor screaming.

A LILY OF THE VALLEY: The fields and meadows are ours.

GOD'S ANGEL: Unholiness is gone.

A PANSY: Let us dance and be happy!

GOD'S ANGEL: How good God is!

SUN: How good is the black Earth!

SPRING: How sweet are the Flowers of the Field!

FLOWERS: How lovely is all the world!

[*They all join hands and dance slowly as the curtain drops.\**]

\* Music, Russian dance song "The Bereza Tree", in *Popular Folk Games and Dances*, by M. R. Hofer, p. 31. A. Flanagan Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.



## THE BEAN BOY \*

—BY—

TOWLE ADAIR

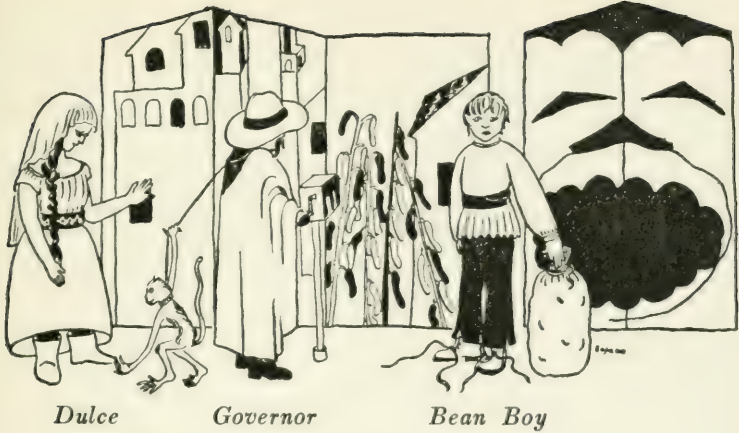
A description of the scenery, costuming, timing, properties, and staging in general of this play will be found at the end of the volume.

\* The play is adapted from the story by the same name, by Monica Shannon, published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

THOSE WHO ARE IN THE PLAY

STRING, THE BEAN BOY  
THE GOBLIN  
DULCE, THE GOVERNOR'S  
DAUGHTER  
THE GOVERNOR

SANDMAN  
ANTONIO, THE SERGEANT  
FELIPE, THE CORPORAL  
SOLDIERS



## THE BEAN BOY

In the center of the stage stands the little home of String, the Bean Boy. In front of it are many rows of growing Lima beans. The town and the house of the Governor, where sweet Dulce, his daughter, lives, are quite a way off; and far, far away in the distance is the Cave of Yawns, where the Sandman keeps the many-colored dreams and fine white sand for little children.

When the curtain rises, String, the Bean Boy, is seen working with his hoe in the Lima bean field. He is a cheerful little fellow and accompanies his work with the Lima Bean Song.

### STRING, THE BEAN BOY:

Madre Linda, of the Soil,  
Tend the rows I hoe between.  
Help me in my happy toil,  
Bringing up the Lima Bean.

Hola! Viva! To the jota, jota, jota,  
Bringing up the Lima Bean.  
To the jota, jota, jota,  
Hoeing all the rows between.

## Nine Short Plays

To the jota, jota, jota,  
 Bringing up the Lima Bean.  
 Hola! Viva! Hola! Viva!  
 Calling out the Lima Bean!

Aye, Lima Beans take ninety days  
 Growing big enough to eat.  
 Madre, now the summer stays  
 Send some rain to make them sweet.

Madre Linda, To the jota, jota, jota,  
 Send to-night your warmest rain.  
 To the jota, jota, jota,  
 Send it back at dawn again.  
 To the jota, jota, jota,  
 Send some rain to make them sweet.  
 To the jota, jota, jota,  
 Make them big enough to eat.

Into stacks I stuff them tight  
 Each one big and sweet and green.  
 Into town with all my might  
 Calling out the Lima Bean!

Hola! Viva! To the jota, jota, jota,  
 Bringing up the Lima Bean.  
 To the jota, jota, jota,  
 Hoeing all the rows between,  
 To the jota, jota, jota,  
 Bringing up the Lima Bean.  
 Hola! Viva! Hola! Viva!  
 Calling out the Lima Bean.\*

\* Tune: "The Rain Song," "El Capotín," from *Spanish Songs of Old California*, collected and translated by Charles F. Loomis, 200 East Ave. 43,

[As STRING sings, GOBLIN comes out from the side of STRING's house. He lives not far from there. He is a cheerful, busy-looking little fellow. He has a wide mouth and large oggly eyes. He wears a seaweed suit, a bean-leaf cap stuck with holly berries, green and red.

At first he just listens, then he listens harder for he likes the song; finally he sits down to listen the better.

STRING is now through with his song and turns to picking the ripe Lima bean pods and throwing them into a burlap bag that hangs over his shoulder. Every now and then he trips over his gayly colored shoe laces. He sees GOBLIN.]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Hello, there, Goblin. Isn't this a fine day? Isn't this a fine day for picking ripe Lima beans? There is nothing in the world better to eat than Lima beans. I wish I had enough for all the people in the world.

GOBLIN: So do I. But the pity is that they are only for those who have money to buy.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Those who haven't any can work to grow them.

GOBLIN: Have you gathered many beans this morning?

[He has tucked his feet under him and stares earnestly at STRING.]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: That I have. And now I'll take them to the town where the Governor lives, and sweet little Dulce.

Los Angeles, Calif. G. Schirmer Music Stores, distributors. The words of the songs were written by Mrs. Monica Shannon.

GOBLIN: Do the people in the town eat all these beans you have in the bag?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: If I had a thousand bags full of beans they'd eat those too.

GOBLIN [*meditatively*]: I suppose they have to eat so many beans to have all the strength to talk. Don't you think so?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: I guess so. [*He hums a snatch of his song.*]

Hola! Viva! To the jota, jota, jota.

Bringing up the Lima Bean.

To the jota, jota, jota.

GOBLIN [*shaking back and forth*]: You always speak of Dulce.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Sure. You would too if you knew her.

[*A long melodious whistle is heard from afar, and*

GOBLIN *leaps up from his sitting posture.*]

GOBLIN: Oh, dear, oh, dear, here I am talking a league a minute and I forgot all about my errand. I really came for something.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Did you?

GOBLIN: Yes. Do you think you can spare eleven drops of water from your rain water?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Eleven drops of rain water?

GOBLIN: Yes. A cactus out in the desert needs it very much—very much. I promised to get it.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Behind the house there [*pointing to it*] stands the rain vat. Go and take as much as you want.

GOBLIN: Many thanks. Thank you very much.

[*He runs off, while STRING hums part of his song.*]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY:

To the jota, jota, jota,

Send to-night your warmest rain.

To the jota, jota, jota,

Send it back at dawn again.

To the jota, jota, jota,

Send some rain to make them sweet.

To the jota, jota, jota,

Make them big enough to eat.

[*While so singing he has picked three or four more beans and has strapped the bag to his shoulders. He sets out in the direction of the town. While he walks he trips every now and then over his colored shoe strings. As he nears the city he commences to cry his wares in a singsong voice.*]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Beans! Lima Beans! Who'll buy fine flat Lima beans! Sweet as honey. Eat them stewed! Put them in your soup! Who'll buy fine green Lima beans?

[*At the sound of his voice DULCE has come to the window of her house. She smiles at his song and his tripping. He sits down in front of her house and she disappears from the window. She comes out with a pan in her hands. She is not smiling now, but looks sadly at him. He notices her.*]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: A happy day, Dulce. Do you want fine fresh Lima beans?

DULCE: You always sing or whistle. Yes, I want a panful. Fill it. [*Holding out the pan.*] Here is the money. Father gave it to me to pay you.

[*He takes the money and fills the pan.*]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: I always sing or whistle be-

cause I am happy. Now you have a panful of the finest beans in the world.

DULCE: Thank you.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Anything else?

DULCE: I want to talk to you.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: So do I. [*She sits down beside him.*]

DULCE: It must be nice to live in a bean field picking Lima beans, and bringing sackfuls into town.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: It is very nice. And I am always finding things on the way in and out.

DULCE [*eagerly*]: What kind of things?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Oh, tree toads, and moonstones, and old Spanish pesos, and Indian beads, and kelp for dress-up helmets.

DULCE [*smiling excitedly*]: Oh! how wonderful! Maybe you can find my dream for me?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Maybe I can.

DULCE: I dreamed that my father was not governor any more and I didn't need to worry about revolutions. I dreamed that he was an Organ-Grinder Man with a tiny tomboy monkey from Central America.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: I know. You dreamt your father was an Organ-Grinder Man with a tiny tomboy monkey from Central America.

DULCE: Yes . . .

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Yes, and you went with him walking through the fields and towns singing "María Mía." And people filled your cup with pennies and you made a bonfire every night, popping stacks of corn.

DULCE: Yes, and my father didn't worry any more about revolutions.



STRING, THE BEAN BOY: I don't think that's as wonderful as the tomboy monkey from Central America.

DULCE: Yes, but revolutions aren't nice, anyway. You have never had a revolution.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Yes, but it happened when I was asleep.

DULCE: I dreamed my dream only once. Now, do you think you can find my dream for me?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Of course. Look, Dulce, what I have.

DULCE: What?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Here is a moonstone. [*As he enumerates these things he takes them out of his trousers pocket, shows them to DULCE and places them on the ground before her.*] Here is an Indian arrowhead, and a tree toad.

DULCE: What are these things for?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: They are magic. With these [*taking them up and replacing them in his pocket*], I can find anything in the world on my way in and out.

DULCE: If you find my dream, I will marry you when you grow up tall.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: That'll be nice. Now I'll go and find your dream, even if I have to go to the end of the world. I'll come back as soon as I have it.

DULCE: That's wonderful!

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Good-by, Dulce. [*Both rise.*]

DULCE: Good-by, String. I hope you find it soon.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: I will.

[*She goes back to the house. STRING throws his bag over his shoulder and, whistling the tune of the Lima bean song, goes off. As he walks he still trips*

*now and then over his long colored strings. Just as he approaches his house, GOBLIN comes rushing along. He looks about him and is so excited that he does not notice STRING.]*

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Hello! What's the reason for this hurry, Goblin?

GOBLIN [*hurriedly but very politely*]: Reason enough. I must, I must speak to you at once—at once.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: What is it?

GOBLIN: Could you possibly spare two good-sized beans right now? The finest baby of our king will be christened in six minutes and I find myself without a christening present.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY [*apparently immensely surprised*]: What? Two beans! Two beans, did you say?

GOBLIN: If you can spare them, please.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Of all the things in this Desert! Fill your cap with as many as you want. Two beans! Isn't that silly! [*He opens his bag and GOBLIN takes out a handful.*] You could have taken them even without asking me. Two beans!

GOBLIN: I wouldn't do that. Many, many thanks.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: While you are here, I wish you would tell me where to find the dream of the Governor's little girl Dulce.

GOBLIN: Yes, I can do that.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: You know where it is?

GOBLIN: Certainly. All dreams are kept in a Cave of Yawns down by the sea.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Oh, yes! Now I remember. My Granny told me that about the Cave of Yawns by the sea where the Sandman keeps the dreams.

GOBLIN: That's right. Two leagues south, two leagues west, and there you are by the sea at the Cave of Yawns and it's there the Sandman lives. But you must not yawn in the Cave of Yawns. For every time you yawn, Sandman, who lives there and who has Dulce's dream, gets farther and farther away from you.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: I'll try not to yawn.

GOBLIN: Another thing, if you go to sleep in the Cave of Yawns you will never wake up. You must sleep there forever.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: That I wouldn't like.

GOBLIN: NOR would I, for who would then pick these fine Lima beans, and put them in a sack, and take them into the town for the people to eat?

*[He walks out hurriedly looking very much surprised at his own question.]*

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Goblin said two leagues south.

*[He walks in a southerly direction and hums low to the tune of the Lima Bean Song]*

Great Finder of a thousand things,  
 If you are the Saint you seem,  
 Hear the prayer a Bean Boy sings:  
 Give me Dulce's happy dream.

He said two leagues west. *[He walks in a westerly direction and sings again in a low tune to the Lima Bean Song]*

To the jota, jota, jota,  
 Help me find her happy dream,  
 To the jota, jota, jota,  
 If you are the Saint you seem.  
 To the jota, jota, jota,

## Nine Short Plays

Help me find her happy dream.  
To the jota, jota, jota,  
If you are the Saint you seem.

[*Right then he is in front of the Cave of Yawns, and at that very moment SANDMAN comes walking out very slowly. He walks over to the chest that stands against the wall and very slowly and deliberately*



Sandman

*takes out all kinds of dreams, examining them carefully. Whatever dream he takes out, whether it is a lovely new one in the shape of brightly colored balloons, or a tattered old rag dream, or one that is cut out of paper, he always alternates it with a handful of clear sand from a chest that stands next to the chest with the dreams. Dreams and sand, after examination, are then put into a burlap bag that is on the ground.]*

SANDMAN [*as he puts each dream and handful of sand into the bag*]: A handful of sand and a dream. A handful of sand and a dream. A handful of sand for the eyes of children and a dream for you. A handful of sand for little eyes to sleep, and a dream to make little hearts happy.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Whoo! Whoo!

[SANDMAN *raises his head and throws a pinch of sand in the air*. STRING, THE BEAN BOY, *yawns*, SANDMAN *takes a step backwards*.]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Please, Sandman, don't go away. I— [*Yawns*; SANDMAN *takes another step backwards*.]

SANDMAN: First your hands must go to sleep. [*He throws a pinch of sand on his hands*.]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: No, they mustn't. [*He yawns again*.]

SANDMAN [*throwing a pinch of sand at STRING's feet while taking a step backwards*]: Now your feet must go to sleep.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: My hands and feet prick like pins and needles.

SANDMAN [*throwing a pinch of sand at his ears*]: Now your ears must go to sleep.

[STRING *is about to yawn once again, which would have been fatal, but fortunately he trips right then over the red shoe string, which saves him. For not only has it broken the desire to yawn, but it has awakened him a bit as well*.]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Even if my feet and hands go to sleep, even though I feel like a pincushion, I must keep my two eyes wide awake. I must walk with my sleepy

feet to Sandman to get Dulce's dream. And I know that so long as I fall over my shoe strings in time I can keep awake.

[STRING *walks toward SANDMAN and once again trips over the shoe string, which wakes him even more.*]

SANDMAN: I see I cannot make you sleep, because your red and green shoe strings save you. Now, stop yawning at once. Every time you yawn you blow me backwards.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY [*stifling a yawn*]: Please, may I have Dulce's dream?

SANDMAN: What is it like? About how long?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Hurry, please, or I am going to yawn.

SANDMAN: Did it have a monkey and an organ-grinder in it—and a song named María Mía?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Yes, yes. [*His eyes try to close, but again, luckily, he trips over his shoe lace and his eyes open wide once again.*]

SANDMAN [*looking into the chest and grumbling*]: It's an old dream, almost worn out, so I suppose you may as well have it.

[*Takes out an old, tattered, multicolor cloth that has many holes in it through which you could stick your finger.*]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY [*closing his eyes for a second, shaking himself hard, and opening them*]: My hands are asleep, my feet are asleep and so are my nose and ears, but even if I feel like a pincushion all over, I must keep my eyes open.

SANDMAN: Here is the dream, and run away quick, for

if you yawn just once again, you are sure to fall asleep and you'll never get up.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY [*taking hold of the tattered dream*]: Many thanks. Good-by.

[*He runs off as fast as he can, holding the tattered dream tightly in his hands. SANDMAN goes into his cave.*]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY [*as he runs*]: My hands are asl— No they are not asleep. Hurray! Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Nothing is asleep now, and here is my own little house and I have Dulce's dream. I am so happy.

[*GOBLIN rushes out and they collide, each falling in the opposite direction.*]

GOBLIN: }  
 STRING, THE BEAN BOY: } Ow, what hit me? Ho, ho,  
 ho, ha, ho! My! But you were running! So we were,  
 weren't we? And we look so silly!

[*Both sit up and look at each other in great surprise. They both burst out laughing.*]

GOBLIN: {  
 STRING, THE BEAN BOY: { Ho, ho, ho, ha, ho! My!  
 But you were running! So we  
 were, weren't we? And we look  
 so silly!

[*They both laugh and rise.*]

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Look, Goblin, look! [*Shows him the tattered dream cloth.*]

GOBLIN: What's that?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Why, it's Dulce's dream!

GOBLIN: So you did get it.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Yes, Sandman gave it to me. He said it was an old dream and wasn't worth very much.

GOBLIN: You didn't fall asleep, did you?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Pretty near. My hands fell asleep, and my feet and ears and nose as well—everything but my eyes.

GOBLIN: That was lucky, for the eyes were the most important thing.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: And do you know why they did not fall asleep?

GOBLIN: Why?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Because I kept on tripping over my red and green shoe strings and the tripping kept me awake.

GOBLIN: It's lucky you have red and green shoe laces.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: I know it.

GOBLIN: Now, what are you going to do with the dream?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: I'll take it to Dulce, of course.

GOBLIN: When?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Right now. Come, just help me gather a few more Lima beans for my sack. I must always bring a sack of Lima beans with me into town.

GOBLIN: If I do, do you mind giving me two more fresh Lima beans?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Again? Why is there another christening?

GOBLIN: Yes, in three minutes, and I have no christening present.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: You can take as many as you like.

[*They gather the beans, while STRING hums his song.*]



STRING:

Madre Linda of the Soil  
Tend the rows I hoe between.  
Help me in my daily toil  
Bringing up the Lima Bean.

GOBLIN [*who finds it difficult to bend his little fat body*]: My, but it's hot!

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: That doesn't matter. Anyway, we have enough. And now, Goblin, I am going to Dulce. [*Loads the sack on his shoulders.*] Good-by, Goblin, I am going to Dulce to give her her dream.

GOBLIN: Good-by, and much luck, for you have a very kind heart.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Thanks. Good-by.

[*STRING walks off in the direction of the town while GOBLIN goes in the opposite direction. STRING whistles his song. Suddenly there is a great noise from the direction of the town, there is booming of guns, and the whole town (the screen) topples down. STRING stops in great surprise. A troop of SOLDIERS marches out singing "María Mía, the Monkey."*]

SOLDIERS:

Poor Organ Man, my tiny monkey dancing  
To lovely music. Her antics I adore!  
Poor Organ Man, my tiny monkey prancing  
To give you pleasure. Oh, gather around once  
more.

Poor Organ Man, his monkey is so witty!  
To foreign lands they both will wander soon.  
Poor Organ Man, from some old chiming city—  
María Mía, come dance another tune!

I pray you give a peso to my monkey  
 To jingle gayly, the jingle she admires,  
 María Mine. Por Dios, she is spunky!  
 María Mía! She dances and retires!\*

Poor Organ Man, his monkey is so witty! †  
 To foreign lands they both will wander soon.  
 Poor Organ Man, from some old chiming city—  
 María Mía, come dance another tune!

I pray you give a peso to my monkey  
 To jingle gayly, the jingle she admires  
 María Mine. Por Dios, she is spunky!  
 María Mía! She dances and retires!

[*The SOLDIERS have marched around the stage while the song lasted. At the end they march out. STRING has listened to them in great astonishment. He is even more astonished when he sees DULCE and her father the GOVERNOR coming along. They look around very sadly and sit down amidst the ruins of the town. STRING goes timidly nearer and DULCE sees him.*]

DULCE: Oh, is that you, String?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Yes, that is me.

DULCE: We can't buy beans now. We had another revolution.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Why have they revolutions all the time?

\* Tune: "The Troubadour," from *Folk Songs*, by Hague and Kilenyi, p. 12. H. W. Gray Co., New York.

† These two verses are sung to the tune of "The Troubadour," *Folk Songs*, p. 13.

DULCE: I think because they like to get new uniforms.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Couldn't they buy them? Anyway, I brought your dream.

DULCE: Really!

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Here it is. [*Showing her tattered cloth.*] Sandman—

[ANTONIO, *the sergeant*, comes running in all out of breath and stops in front of the GOVERNOR.]



*Antonio*

ANTONIO: Governor, you must disguise yourself at once and fly from here; otherwise some harm may come to you and your daughter.

DULCE: How?

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: The Sandman had it in his chest in the Cave, but he gave it to me for you.

ANTONIO: Here, Governor, comes Felipe, and he is bringing a disguise for you.

[FELIPE, *the corporal, enters holding in his hands an old tattered coat and a battered hat. With the other hand he is pushing an old organ on which sits a little tomboy monkey from Central America.*]

FELIPE: Here, Governor, is an old barrel organ, an organ-grinder coat, and a tomboy monkey from Central America. They all belong to my grandfather. Now you will disguise yourself as an old organ-grinder and every one will think you are my grandfather. Ha, ha.

[ANTONIO *puts the coat on the GOVERNOR and FELIPE hands him the monkey and the organ.*]

DULCE: How wonderful, String! So this is how you brought my dream to me.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: Sandman gave it to me when I asked him for it and I did not go asleep. He said it was an old dream and I could have it.

DULCE: You are a nice boy, String; I'll surely marry you when you grow big.

STRING, THE BEAN BOY: That'll be fine. Now we'll wander up and down the valley, making fires every night and popping stacks of corn and singing songs.

DULCE: We'll start right now.

FELIPE: Mr. Governor, you must leave at once in your disguise.

[*The GOVERNOR gets hold of the organ on which the monkey sits and starts out while DULCE and STRING follow, holding hands.*]

DULCE and STRING, THE BEAN BOY:

Poor Organ Man, his monkey is so witty!  
To foreign lands they all will wander soon.

Poor Organ Man, from some old chiming city—  
María Mía, come dance another tune!

I pray you give a peso to my monkey  
To jingle gayly, the jingle she admires  
María Mine. Por Dios, she is spunky!  
María Mía! She dances and retires! \*

[*The two SOLDIERS look after them as they walk out  
singing, and the curtain slowly descends.*]

\* Tune: "The Troubador," *Folk Songs*, p. 13.



THREE OF A DIFFERENT KIND

*A Children's Adventure*

*in*

*The Big City*

—BY—

ERIC WELFF

A description of the scenery, costumes, timing, properties, and staging in general of the play will be found at the end of the volume.

IT HAPPENED TO

ANDRÉ, THE BOY

DIANA, THE GIRL

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY

MAN-IN-THE-MOON

PUSHBUTTON PRINGLE

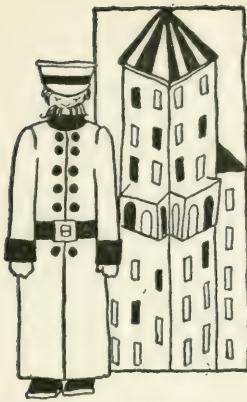
GOLDEN COCK

BIG POLICEMAN WITH THE SILVER WHISTLE

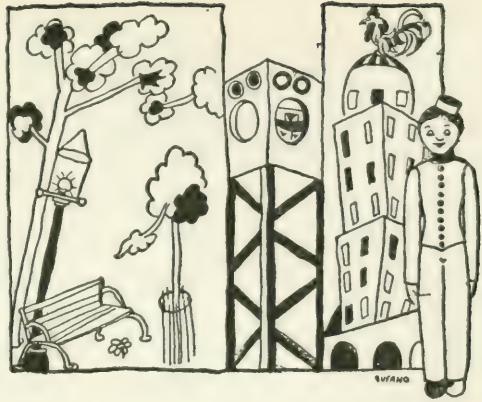
GIANT DOORMAN

BELLBOY WILLIE





Giant Doorman



Bellboy Willie

### THREE OF A DIFFERENT KIND

One night, very late, in the center of the Big City, right in front of the entrance to the Big Park.

On one side is an enormous building with ever so many windows, and on top of it is a beautiful Golden Cock. On the opposite side, at quite an angle, is another enormous building also with ever so many windows, the roof of which is covered with green copper strips edged with gold. In the center of the street stands Tower Eyes, with his green and red eyes, and inside his head is the big Policeman, sound asleep, holding the silver whistle in his hand.

Along the street comes André, pulling Diana with him.

ANDRÉ: Diana, this way. Come.

DIANA: I don't want to. I don't want to. [*She speaks very quickly; it sounds like one word: "Idonwanna."*] I'm afraid. It's so late and Mother'll worry. They won't know where we went.

ANDRÉ: Don't be scared. We'll come back before they find out. This is the place. [*Pointing to the GOLDEN*

COCK.] Gee, he looks nicer here than from the roof. Just like magic. It's the most beautiful rooster I've ever seen. Just like the one we read about in the Russian fairy-tale book.

DIANA: Yes. He's beautiful. And now I'm not afraid of him either.

ANDRÉ: I told you he doesn't do any harm. I must always fight with you before you do what I tell you. Honest, I don't know why I drag you along.

DIANA: It's so beautiful here, André.

ANDRÉ: I told you that when we started.

DIANA: But we are so far from home. And if they find out . . .

ANDRÉ: Afraid again. Now you'll do what I say. You remember what we read in the book when we sat on the fire escape looking at the moon?

DIANA: We read that the most wonderful thing in the world is to go out and seek adventures.

ANDRÉ: Yes, that's exactly what we read; and it's true, too! Isn't it great to be out exploring?

DIANA: I'm afraid. You'll take care of me!

ANDRÉ: Sure I will.

DIANA [*screaming; she is always screaming*]: Somebody is coming! Somebody is coming! Mamma, I'm afraid. Let's go home. I don't want to stay here.

ANDRÉ: Stop it. There is nothing to be afraid of. I'm not afraid.

[*Enter STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY. He is dressed in soiled overalls, soiled shoes, and soiled khaki shirt, the sleeves of which are cut short. His hands and face are besmudged; he has no hat and his hair is not combed.*]

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Hullo, who are you? What are you doing here?

ANDRÉ: We are out looking for adventures.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Golly, so'm I!

ANDRÉ: What made you come here?

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: I got tired of working all day carrying pipes, and T's, and wrenches, and hammers. One day I put a pipe to my ear and it



*Plumber Boy*

hummed just like the sea shell on the mantelpiece in our house.

DIANA: We have a sea shell on the mantelpiece too.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: I listened and listened to the humming in the pipes until I understood what it said. [*Speaking in monotonous long-drawn voice.*] It said: Go out. Go out and seek adventures. Go . . . go . . . go . . . Until I just had to go.

ANDRÉ: So had we.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: I want to have an automobile and lots of money just like my boss.

ANDRÉ: I don't care for that. I—I honestly don't know myself what I want. I just want to go.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: That's crazy. What I want is what all rich people have. Money. Lots and lots and lots of it. I came out to find a treasure.

ANDRÉ: Why did you come here?

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Because it shines like gold here, so I thought there'd be gold around somewhere.

DIANA [*screaming*]: I'm afraid. I'm afraid. Some one is coming. Let's go home.

ANDRÉ: Are you starting again? If you don't stop I'll make you go home alone.

DIANA: I don't want to.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Fraidcat! What are you scared about? Look at my muscles! [*Displays them.*] That's what you get from carrying pipes all day long.

[*Steps are heard and DIANA hides behind the two boys. Enter JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER. He is dressed in very gaudy soldier clothes and carries a sword and gun. He walks in goosestep fashion and speaks in a very dictatorial manner.*]

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Who are you?

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Who are you?

DIANA: Don't start fighting.

ANDRÉ: We are looking for adventure.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: So'm I. It's the regulation thing for a soldier. But how do *you* come to do it?

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Is that—

ANDRÉ: Any one can seek adventures.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Don't contradict me. Look at my stripes. I've seen service.



*Tin Soldier*

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER-BOY [*threateningly*]: Look at my muscles. I carry iron pipes.

ANDRÉ [*to the TIN SOLDIER*]: How did you get here?

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: I'm a bugler. Lately, every time I blew the bugle it seemed to speak to me. When I bugled for Reveille it said [*speaks quickly in time to the Reveille tune*]: Go seek adventures, go seek adventures, ta ta ta ta ra ta ra. And when I bugled for chow it said [*again imitating the notes*]: Go become a general, go become a general. And when I bugled Retreat it said [*again singsong tune of notes*]: Go, go, go, go . . .

ANDRÉ: Funny we've all come here for the same thing.  
STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Yes, I came to look for lots of money.

ANDRÉ: And I for—I don't know what, I suppose just for adventure.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON [*outside*]: Well, you ought to find lots of it right here. You can get all the adventure you want if you'll only help me.

DIANA [*screaming*]: I'm afraid. I want to go home!

[MAN-IN-THE-MOON *enters just as Diana commences to speak. He is dressed in a full, clownlike costume*



*Man-in-the-Moon*

*of gilded cloth and his face is all black. Black fantastic irregular lines run throughout the length of the costume. You cannot tell his age. One minute he looks like a boy of fifteen, the next he seems a man five thousand years old.]*

DIANA: I want to go home. Quick, I want—

ANDRÉ: Diana, if you say one more word . . . Don't you see who it is? It's Man-in-the-Moon! Don't be scared. It's him we've been looking at every night we sat on the fire escape listening to the wind.

DIANA [*slowly*]: That's right. It's Man-in-the-Moon.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Well, what's in your mind, old black face?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: I'm glad to see you put your eyes to good use, Tin Soldier.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Are there iron pipes in the Moon? Are there leaking faucets that go dripping all the time saying: Go out and seek treasures?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Yes, and a good deal more besides. But, what's more to the point, I've got a fine adventure for you three fellows that's worth a lot of treasures in the world.

ANDRÉ: Just what we're wishing for.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: What do you mean?

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: That's what I call luck.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Yes, it is. But do you know that you are now in the finest place in the world for adventures?

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Why?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Because you are in the Center of the Big City, in the very heart of it—where the most important things in the world happen.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: What about the treasure?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: It's a treasure of an adventure.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: To the point.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: I'm in trouble.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: I'm ready to fight. If you fight you get anything.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Look at my muscles.

ANDRÉ: I'll do all I can to help.

DIANA: I'll help too.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: It needs a lot of courage.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: That's me all over. I've fought with legions.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: I ain't scared.

ANDRÉ: I'm not afraid either.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: I came to-night to visit my sisters and cousins and aunts.

DIANA: Who are your sisters and cousins and aunts?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Silly! Why, the yellow Electric Lights on this Avenue in this Big City. I always visit them when they have their golden yellow holiday shine on instead of the diamond blue.\*

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: What's that got to do with the adventure?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Don't be in such a hurry, pipe lugger. You'll find out quickly enough. Well, my sisters and cousins and aunts looked so bright and fine that I overstayed my time and the cloud aëroplane that takes me back went away without me. And I must get back before dawn, otherwise the Moon will go away without me. I'll have to spend the whole day in the city, which is something I hate to do.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Get an army aëroplane.

\* In New York City the municipality changes the electric bulbs in the lights on Fifth Avenue from blue-white to amber yellow on every festive occasion.



MAN-IN-THE-MOON: You think you're a smart fellow. It needs something stronger than an army aëroplane to get to heaven.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: What are you going to do about it?

ANDRÉ: Can we help you?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Yes.

ANDRÉ: How?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: I need three things to be able to get back to the sky before the first sign of dawn.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Three things?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Yes, three things. [*As he mentions each of the things he points to it.*] I need three golden feathers from the tail of the Golden Cock. I need the silver whistle of the Big Policeman who sits in Tower Eyes' head; and I need a green strip from the roof of the Golden-Topped Sherry Castle Hotel.

[*For a time the three boys and the girl are silent.*]

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: That's tough, all right.

ANDRÉ: It'll be difficult to get up there for those three golden feathers.

[*He points to the top of the building, where the GOLDEN COCK stands.*]

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: You don't have to. In a minute the Golden Cock will come down to take a little walk. He loves to walk between the slumbering houses and squatting taxis.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Fine, then it's a job for me. I've heard roosters are fighters. I'll get those three feathers even if I have to kill him.

ANDRÉ: I hope you don't have to do that.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: I don't mind it; it's easy. I've done it before.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Try not to do it now. But what about the Big Policeman's silver whistle, whose sound can stop anything in the world? The Policeman up there in Tower Eyes has it.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: That's my job. I'll get it.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Thanks. And now I only need the green copper strip from the Golden-Topped Sherry Castle Hotel.

ANDRÉ: I'll get that.

[*The GOLDEN COCK disappears from his usual place.*]

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Then I'm in luck, and so are you. For I'll get what I need and you will get what you are looking for: adventure. Now quick on the job. [*Looking up.*] The Golden Cock is down from his perch.

[*From without is heard a cock's crow. Enter PEARL-AND-BRASS PUSHBUTTON. He wears two panels almost the length of his body squared, painted pearl color. In the center of it is a painted pushbutton in gold and black outline. On the rear panel is painted the outline of wires such as you would find behind a pushbutton.*]

PUSHBUTTON PRINGLE: Good evening, everybody. I am Pushbutton Pringle, and if you push me the Elevator House comes and takes you wherever you like to go.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Who cares?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: You might be a little more polite—it won't hurt your stomach. Where is the Golden Cock?

PUSHBUTTON PRINGLE: He is coming right behind me.

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Fine, I am ready for him.

[*Again a crowing is heard outside, and in comes the GOLDEN COCK.*]

GOLDEN COCK: Evening every—

[*Before he has time to finish, JIM, THE SOLDIER, attacks him with his sword. The GOLDEN COCK fights back hard and makes short work of the TIN SOLDIER. As he gets the worst of the fray he drops his sword and gun and runs.*]



*Pushbutton Pringle*



*Golden Cock*

JIM, THE TIN SOLDIER: Help! Help! He is pecking at my eyes!

GOLDEN COCK [*shouting angrily*]: What's the idea, anyway? That's a fine how-do-you-do!

ANDRÉ: I am sorry, Golden Bird, but Man-in-the-Moon needs three golden feathers from your tail to get back to the sky before dawn, and Jim, the Tin Soldier, was trying to get them from you.

GOLDEN COCK: Idiot!

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Right.

GOLDEN COCK: He might have asked for it first, decently. But to start fighting like that! . . . Fool! . . . Just like the rest of the fools in the world. [*Plucks out three golden feathers from his tail. As each comes out he shouts in pain "Ouch." Throws them to MAN-IN-THE-MOON.*]

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Thanks.

GOLDEN COCK: It's all right. Next time you want a couple of golden feathers don't try to get them by starting a fight. Idiot!

[*Walks out peeved, followed by PUSHBUTTON PRINGLE.*]

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: It is silly to try to get things by fighting.

DIANA: Yes, boys are silly; they always fight.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: I have a better idea. I'll climb up Tower Eyes and get the silver whistle while the Policeman is not looking. There'll be no fight.

ANDRÉ: That's not such a good idea.

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: What do you know? Just keep quiet and watch me.

[*The stage is quite dark, particularly where Tower Eyes stands. As STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY, cautiously goes near and circles about to see what is the best and quickest way to get the whistle without being noticed, the long hand of the POLICEMAN, covered with a white glove, stretches forth on the side where STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY, does not see and gives a violent tug at his hair.*]

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY [*yelling wildly*]: Ouch! . . . Who — What's that?

DIANA [*screaming*]: Mamma, I'm afraid; I want to go home.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: What's wrong? What happened?

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Didn't you see it?

ANDRÉ: Did you get it?

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: Sure, in the hair.

ANDRÉ: What are you talking about?

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: I don't know. He grabbed me by the hair.

ANDRÉ: Who?

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY: I told you I don't know. I felt it, that's all. Gee!

DIANA: I want to go home. I don't want to stay here.

[*During the last speech the gloved hand once again comes out and for the second time tugs STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY, by the hair, withdrawing on the instant.*]

STANTON, THE PIPE-PLUMBER BOY [*screaming*]: Ow, ow—did you see it? It pulled my hair. It's a ghost. It's spooks. [*As he speaks he spins around trying to locate his attacker.*] It's ghosts; I don't want to stay here. I don't want any adventures. [*He runs out.*]

DIANA: Me neither. I want to go home.

ANDRÉ: Go yourself.

DIANA: I won't—I'm afraid.

[*A deep chuckling is heard, which gradually increases to loud laughter.*]

DIANA: Who's that? Mamma, I'm afraid. I'm going to scream.

ANDRÉ: You fool! . . . Afraid of laughter!

BIG POLICEMAN [*speaking from above, very slowly*]: That's right. It's foolish to be afraid when you do no wrong. When you don't try to sneak my silver whistle away.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: I laugh all the time and none are scared of me.

BIG POLICEMAN: What's the trouble down there?

ANDRÉ: Man-in-the-Moon, Mr. Policeman, Man-in-the-Moon needs your silver whistle to get back to heaven before dawn.

BIG POLICEMAN: Is that all? Here it is, but return it before dawn.

[*Throws the whistle down to ANDRÉ, who hands it to MAN-IN-THE-MOON.*]

ANDRÉ: Many thanks.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Many thanks, I surely will return it. I'll throw it down to you as soon as it gets a little lighter.

BIG POLICEMAN: Everything all right now?

ANDRÉ: Certainly.

[BIG POLICEMAN *shuts his eyes, and a few snores are heard.*]

ANDRÉ: H'm, that was easy!

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Everything is easy if you don't make it hard by doing silly things—like trying to get a silver whistle on the sly when all you have to do is ask for it.

ANDRÉ: I'll remember that.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Now I still need the green copper strip to sit on to fly to the Moon.

ANDRÉ: I'll get that. The best way, I think, is to ask for it. The Policeman just said that.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Not a bad idea.

ANDRÉ [*goes up to the Golden-Topped Sherry Castle Hotel and knocks on the door*]: Please—

DIANA: Don't—

ANDRÉ: Will you stop that!

[*Knocks again. The GIANT DOORMAN comes out. His uniform is very brilliant and he is, of course, very tall. He has a very long mustache hanging almost halfway down his arms. He wears white gloves.*]

GIANT DOORMAN: Yes, sir. Can I do anything?

ANDRÉ: Please, Mr. Doorman, will you please give me a green copper strip from your roof? Man-in-the-Moon needs it to get back to the sky before dawn. He will return it.

GIANT DOORMAN: Certainly. Boy!

[*BELLBOY comes out. He is dressed in the usual bell-boy uniform.*]

BELLBOY WILLIE: Yes, sir.

GIANT DOORMAN: One green copper strip from the roof for the Gentleman-in-the-Moon. At once.

BELLBOY WILLIE: Yes, sir. [*Goes out, saluting.*]

ANDRÉ: Man-in-the-Moon will return the green copper strip. He can throw it down as soon as he doesn't need it any more. Many thanks.

GIANT DOORMAN: Not at all, sir. Pleased to oblige you. The pleasure is all mine.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Yes. I'll return it as soon as I get into the Moon.

GIANT DOORMAN: Don't bother, sir. We've plenty of copper strips in the Big City.

[*BELLBOY WILLIE returns, carrying the green copper strip wrapped carefully in a paper.*]

BELLBOY WILLIE [*saluting*]: Here, sir.

GIANT DOORMAN [*takes it and gives it to ANDRÉ*]: Here, sir.

ANDRÉ [*giving it to MAN-IN-THE-MOON*]: Ever so many thanks.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Many thanks too.

GIANT DOORMAN: Not at all. Delighted to oblige. Need anything else, sir?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: No.

GIANT DOORMAN: Good night, sir.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: }

ANDRÉ: }

DIANA: }

Good night and thanks.

[GIANT DOORMAN *goes out.*]

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Now I've got everything I need to get back to the Moon to laugh at the houses and fields.

DIANA: Aren't you glad?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: You bet I am.

ANDRÉ: Why do you need these things to get back?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Simple. I sit on the green copper strip, the three gold feathers are the rudder, and the magic silver whistle the motor that will bring me sailing up to the Moon.

ANDRÉ [*hesitating*]: Gee! I wish I could sail along and look at the houses and the fields.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Easy.

ANDRÉ: How?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Just wait.

ANDRÉ: I don't understand.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: That doesn't matter. When the time comes, you will. H'm, there is no harm in telling you, though. Would you like to know?



ANDRÉ: Would I?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Sit on the fire escape where I've seen you often. Sit there and look at me sailing through the sky.

ANDRÉ: Just as Diana and I have done?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Yes. Just look at me and the stars, and you will see cities and fields such as no one has ever seen before.

ANDRÉ: You mean in my head?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Good guess.

ANDRÉ: But I want real . . . adventures.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Well, you are the limit! . . . What happened this night! . . . But you are a good boy, so I'll tell you a little secret that'll bring you all the adventures you want in the world. When you get tired of the "things in your head," come down right here in the center of Big City and the most wonderful adventures in the world will happen to you—just like to-night.

ANDRÉ: Honest?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Cross my heart. You silly! There are always marvelous adventures in the Big City, but grown people are too busy with stupid things to see them. Only you little ones can. Good night.

ANDRÉ: Good night, Man-in-the-Moon, and a thousand thanks.

DIANA: Good night, Man-in-the-Moon, and many thanks.

[MAN-IN-THE-MOON *goes out.*]

ANDRÉ: Wasn't it great, Diana? I think we had better get home. It was wonderful, though.

DIANA: Yes. [*Takes ANDRÉ's hand. They commence to walk out slowly.*]

ANDRÉ: Will you come along with me the next time I go to the center of the Big City for adventures?

DIANA: Sure I will.

ANDRÉ: And you won't be afraid?

DIANA: No, I like it.

ANDRÉ: That'll be wonderful. Come.

*[As they walk out the curtain drops.]*

GOLDEN CORNSTALK GOES HOME

*A Make-Believe for  
Children*

—BY—

FLORENCE CROKER COMFORT

A description of the scenery, costumes, timing, properties, and staging in general of the play will be found at the end of the volume.

HAPPENING

In  
The Cornfield

When  
The Harvest Moon Shone

THOSE WHO TOOK PART

GOLDEN CORNSTALK, who wanted to go home  
THE SCARECROW, who was left alone  
JACK FROST, the Enemy of Golden Cornstalk  
TWIN GASOLINE PUMPS, who gulped after every gallon  
AUTUMN LEAVES and INDIANS

In the cornfield across from the filling station.



*Jack Frost*

*Scarecrow*

*Cornstalk*

## GOLDEN CORNSTALK GOES HOME

The curtain rises on the Scarecrow and Cornstalk standing motionless in the cornfield. A wind blows over the field, and Scarecrow and Golden Cornstalk sigh loudly.

SCARECROW: What's the matter, Golden Cornstalk? [*Another sigh.*] What are you sighing about? [*Shivering.*] My, it's getting chilly in this cornfield!

CORNSTALK: That's what I'm sighing about. I'm afraid that Jack Frost will get here before my people come for me.

SCARECROW: Bless my straw hat, I didn't know that you had any people, Cornstalk. Who are they?

CORNSTALK: I belong to the Indian Maize family. The Indians were the first to raise our family, and every autumn they come out of the moonlight and call to the corn, and every golden cornstalk in the fields knows that it is

time to go home. That's why I'll be leaving you soon, Scarecrow.

SCARECROW: Leaving me, Cornstalk? You're not going to leave me alone in this cornfield, are you?

CORNSTALK: Not until I have to, Scarecrow, but there is something in the smell of the air, something in the shine of the moon, and something in the rustle of the leaves, that makes me think that my people will be calling me soon. I hope Jack Frost doesn't catch me before they come.

SCARECROW: Well, there is no one to call to me. I have no people. It's sad, Cornstalk, it's bitterly sad not to have people.

CORNSTALK: It is sad, Scarecrow, and I hate to leave you. [*A song is heard off stage.*] Who is that singing?

JACK FROST [*singing*]:

A touch of red, a spatter of brown,  
Spatter of brown, spatter of brown,  
A touch of red, a spatter of brown,  
A splash of shining gold.\*

CORNSTALK: Hark! It's Jack Frost as sure as you are a scarecrow! What can I do?

SCARECROW: Don't be afraid, Cornstalk. I'll frighten him away.

[*Enter JACK FROST.*]

JACK FROST: Hello, Cornstalk, here I am.

CORNSTALK: Yes, I see you.

JACK FROST: Come on and dance.

CORNSTALK: Leave me alone, I tell you!

JACK FROST: So you're not ready to go yet? Well,

\* Tune: Old folk song, "Miss Jennie Jones."

watch me and I will show you how you are going to dance. [*Does a fanciful dance.\* When finished takes hold of CORNSTALK roughly.*] Come on and dance.

CORNSTALK: Get away from me! Leave me alone!

SCARECROW: Here, you leave Cornstalk alone.

JACK FROST: Who are you?

SCARECROW: I'm the Scarecrow, and I'm here to keep just such trouble makers as you out of this cornfield.

JACK FROST: Highty-tighty! You're a little haughty under your straw hat, aren't you?

SCARECROW: Never mind what I am under my straw hat.

JACK FROST: Well, I guess I will be going. I have all the leaves and grasses to paint, and it's a big task.

SCARECROW: Then you better be about it. Shoo! Scat! Get out!

JACK FROST: I'll be back, Scarecrow, I'll be back. Good-by, Golden Cornstalk, I'll see you later.

[*Exit JACK FROST, singing.*]

A touch of red, a spatter of brown,  
Spatter of brown, spatter of brown.  
A touch of red, a spatter of brown,  
A splash of shining gold.

SCARECROW: I guess I got rid of that fellow in good style, didn't I? It pays to be a scarecrow sometimes.

CORNSTALK: You certainly got rid of him. I hope he doesn't come again before I get away.

SCARECROW: Don't talk about going away, Cornstalk. It makes me too sad. I know it will be pleasant for you to

\* Music: Same as song, "Miss Jennie Jones."

be among your people; you'll sit around the camp fire snug and warm on cold nights, and it will be pleasant, Cornstalk, it will be pleasant.

CORNSTALK: I wish I could take you with me, Scarecrow; I hate to leave you behind.

SCARECROW: Yes, I'll be a lonely scarecrow in a corn-field—it is always those who are left behind who are lonely, Cornstalk. I'm so affected I think I'll have to sing a song. I'm terribly affected over this.

CORNSTALK: Sing a song, Scarecrow. It may help you.

SCARECROW: I'll try it, anyway. [*Sings to the melody of "Old Folks at Home."*\*]

Don't go away and leave me, Cornstalk,

Don't go away.

My heart is longing for you, longing,

Longing for you to stay.

All the field is cold and dreary;

There is naught for me.

Oh, Cornstalk, do not leave me lonely,

Oh, come and stay with me.

I'm almost overcome, Cornstalk, I think I must have sung with feeling.

CORNSTALK: You did. You sang with a great deal of feeling. [*The honk of an automobile is heard, followed by heavy footsteps.*] What's that? Look! Look at who is coming across the road!

SCARECROW: Well, who under the moonlight are they?

CORNSTALK: Keep still—here they are.

[*Enter the TWIN GASOLINE PUMPS. They step heavily, and always speak together.*]

\* This might be recited instead. In that case, the music can be eliminated.





*Gasoline Pump*

**TWIN PUMPS:** Good evening, gentlemen. It is a fine moonlight night.

**CORNSTALK:** Yes, it is a fine night, but I don't seem to recognize you gentlemen in the moonlight.

**TWIN PUMPS:** We are the Twin Gasoline Pumps from the filling station across the road. Glup.

**SCARECROW:** We're very glad to see you, I'm sure.

**TWIN PUMPS:** We've had a hard day. Automobiles, automobiles, until we thought we never would get their tanks filled. Glup. Please excuse us for glupping, but we have to do it after every gallon.

**CORNSTALK:** I don't suppose it is as pleasant over at the filling station as it is in the cornfield.

**TWIN PUMPS:** That's just the trouble. All summer we have watched the sunlight and the shadows in the cornfield and wished that we were here. Glup.

CORNSTALK: The sunlight and the shadows in the corn-field are comforting.

TWIN PUMPS: Yes, and to-night, when the leaves kept rustling, we couldn't stand it, and we had to come over. Glup. [*The honk of a horn.*] There's an automobile—we better hide, else they will want gasoline. [*They bend low. Another honk of a horn.*]

SCARECROW: There they go. You're safe, Pumps.

TWIN PUMPS: What's the matter, Scarecrow? You seem low in your mind.

SCARECROW: I am low in my mind, Pumps, I'm very low. Ever since Golden Cornstalk told me he was going to leave me alone I have been downcast.

TWIN PUMPS: Why, Cornstalk, you are not going to leave the Cornfield, are you? Glup.

CORNSTALK: Yes, I am expecting to go soon. I am sorry to leave Scarecrow, but I shall have to go.

SCARECROW: I tell you that I am almost overcome with feeling over this.

TWIN PUMPS: Don't feel so much feeling, Scarecrow—we'll help you. Maybe if we sing a song for you right now, it might cheer you. Glup.

SCARECROW: Maybe it would help my grief. But don't sing a song with feeling—I couldn't bear it.

TWIN PUMPS: We had better sing about ourselves then. (There's nothing but gasoline in us. Now! Make ready! Sing!)

[*Singsong tone.*]

We are the Twin Gasoline Pumps,  
That stand along the way,  
Where the old cars go, and the old horns blow,  
As they travel on their way. Glup.

[*Automobile horns.*]

For it's gasoline, gasoline, sir,  
 That makes the old car run  
 Over the bumps, and over the lumps,  
 And over the long smooth run.  
 Oh, it's gasoline, gasoline, gasoline, sir,  
 That makes the old car run. Glup.

[*Automobile horns.*]

How many gallons will you have?  
 How many do you need,  
 To carry your load to the end of the road?  
 How many do you need? Glup.

[*Automobile horns.*]

For it's gasoline, gasoline, gasoline, sir,  
 That makes the old car run  
 Over the bumps, and over the lumps,  
 And over the long smooth run.  
 Oh, it's gasoline, gasoline, gasoline, sir,  
 That makes the old car run. Glup.

SCARECROW: That's a most unusual song, Pumps. I can't say I ever heard one just like it before. Are you plain or fancy singers?

TWIN PUMPS: A little of both. [CORNSTALK *shows great commotion.*] Why, Cornstalk, what is the matter?

CORNSTALK: Hark! Don't you hear the leaves? They are gathering for the autumn dance! Don't you hear them?

SCARECROW: Yes, they are coming here! They are coming to the cornfield!

[*Enter the AUTUMN LEAVES, weaving and circling in a snake dance as they speak.\**]

\* This may be accompanied by some light, faint-sounding music.

## AUTUMN LEAVES:

Golden and red and russet brown,  
Each leaf gay in its rustling gown,  
Over the field, the road, and the town,  
In a curl of wind we flutter down.



*Autumn Leaf*

Ho, for a dance! Ho, for a song!  
A dance! A dance! A song! A song!  
The arms of the wind are cold and strong,  
But the dance! The dance! And, oh, the song!

Skipping and whirling fast we blow;  
Soaring up high, and drifting low,  
In a twist we circle swift, then slow,  
Merrily dancing as we go.

Ho, for a dance! Ho, for a song!

A dance! A dance! A song! A song!

The arms of the wind are cold and strong,

But the dance! The dance! And, oh, the song!

TWIN PUMPS: Come on, let us all dance!

CORNSTALK: Yes, let us all dance! Let us dance the autumn dance! Come on, Scarecrow! Come on every one, and dance while the harvest moon is shining. Form in line! There, that's right. Now! [*All dance to the music of "Old Dan Tucker."* CORNSTALK *leads.*] Salute partners! Down the furrows and back again! Circle around! Down the furrows and under the bridge, and circle back to place!

[*Enter JACK FROST carrying a whip.*]

JACK FROST: Every one seems to be having a good time. Ha! Ha! [*Whirls his whip fiercely.*] Down, Leaves, down on the ground where you belong! [*The LEAVES scatter.*] And you, Golden Cornstalk, get down! [*Cracks whip.*]

SCARECROW [*whirling JACK FROST around*]: Don't you dare strike Golden Cornstalk! [*JACK FROST threatens the SCARECROW.*]

JACK FROST: Look out, Scarecrow, or I'll crack you with my whip.

SCARECROW: Crack ahead, but you're not going to hit Cornstalk.

JACK FROST: That's all you know about it, Scarecrow.

SCARECROW: There's one thing that I know: Cornstalk has people, and he is going home to them. Do you see? [*CORNSTALK stands as though listening.*]

JACK FROST: I'll show you what I am going to do to Cornstalk. [*Tries to strike CORNSTALK, but SCARECROW*

*catches and holds JACK FROST just as the Indian call is heard.]*

SCARECROW: Cornstalk, your people are coming! Hurry and go with them. I'll hold Jack Frost.

TWIN PUMPS: Here, what do you think you're doing? [*Each PUMP takes an arm of JACK FROST and holds him firmly.*] Stand still—you can't hurt a Gasoline Pump.

*[The call of the Indians comes near, and GOLDEN CORNSTALK answers it. The INDIANS come out of the moonlight and GOLDEN CORNSTALK joins them. Weaving in and out in a fantastic dance, they disappear,\* and GOLDEN CORNSTALK goes with them. The Indian call grows fainter and fainter.]*

SCARECROW: Well, Cornstalk has gone to his people.

\* Music: Low beating of a drum in dance rhythm.



*Indian*

TWIN PUMPS: Yes, and Jack Frost is going somewhere, too, and he's going right now. Get out of here or we will drown you in gasoline. [*Shaking JACK FROST, they march him across stage.*] Shoo! Scat! Get out!

JACK FROST: I can't freeze a gasoline pump, but wait, I'll make your joints good and stiff, before I finish with you!

[*Exit JACK FROST. A long swirl of wind blows over the cornfield.*]

SCARECROW [*shivering*]: It's cold in the cornfield, Pumps, it's cold.

TWIN PUMPS: Yes, the wind is rising. [*Another swirl of wind.*]

SCARECROW: It will be lonely in the cornfield without Golden Cornstalk.

TWIN PUMPS: Cheer up, Scarecrow, the Twin Gasoline Pumps will be right across the road, and sometimes, when the automobiles are not coming too fast, we'll come over, and dance down the furrows with you. Glup. [*Honk of automobile horns.*] We'll have to go, else we never shall get those tanks filled. Good-by, Scarecrow. We'll see you soon.

[*Exit PUMPS, reciting.*]

Oh, it's gasoline, gasoline, gasoline, sir,  
That makes the old car run.

[*A long swirl of wind. The SCARECROW stands alone, head bowed. The LEAVES return and once again commence to weave their dance; the curtain drops while they are dancing and the wind is whistling wistfully.*]





# THE CLOWN OF DOODLE DOO

—BY—

MARJORIE BARROWS

A description of the staging in general and costuming and scenery of the play (slightly varying from the author's) will be found at the end of the volume.

This play appeared in *Child Life*, March, 1927.

## INTRODUCING

KA-CHEW, the Clown of Doodle Doo.

TUT-TUT }  
TEE-HEE } , his clowns-in-waiting.

CLYTEMNESTRA CLEMENTINA, his sister, whom, when you are in a hurry, call Clytie.

MOLLY }  
TED } , two children who have lost their balloons.

THE CLUMSY CLOWNS. These are of assorted sizes and shape, and there are as many as you want.

### COSTUMES:

The Clowns, of course, all wear regular clown clothes and have comical expressions painted on their faces. Tut-Tut and Tee-Hee, as befits clowns-in-waiting, wear bright red noses and hats and buttons. Ka-Chew, himself, is very fat and grand in his bright red clown suit that is so jingly with bells.

It seems a pity that Molly and Ted are just wearing everyday clothes, but Clytie makes up for it with her spangly ballet costume of white and gold. She wears a blue-checked apron, of course, when she is cooking.

### SCENERY:

*What you see when the curtain goes up:* Here is the Clowns' Camp in Doodle Doo, where all the best clowns come from. In the background, over to the right, you will find a row of flower-pots filled with balloon bushes in full bloom. Other pots are blossoming with peanut-bag plants and popcorn shrubs. Near them is a striped mattress where the clowns practice somersaults. A barrel with a phonograph on top of it and some packing boxes for the children to hide behind are away over at the left. Two or three stools are scattered around the sawdust-covered floor, and over to the right a tent is seen, bearing a gay placard that reads: *Headquarters of Ka-Chew. Blow your own horn if you want something!*

*Ted**Ka-Chew**Molly*

## THE CLOWN OF DOODLE DOO

When the curtain goes up, the phonograph is playing "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." The heads of Molly and Ted pop up above the boxes at the left. They pop down again, though, and only come up once in a while when they are sure they are not seen—except by us; they don't mind us. Stretched across the back of the stage is the back view of a row of Clumsy Clowns. About all you can see of them is their pantaloons, as they are all bent far forward. Here they remain motionless until the phonograph is about half through the record. Then they straighten up and go through a few exercises and march steps, keeping time with the music. They end with a turn at leap-frog.

FIRST CLOWN: Ho! Ho! Ho! You Clumsy Clowns, you!  
Let's try our new song now. Ready? [*They all sing to the  
tune of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers."*]

Come, come, ye clowns of Doodle-Doo,  
And give three cheers for our Ka-Chew!

We'll step this way

With pep to-day.

Rah! Rah! Hurroo!

In humble gown we'll tumble down

For you.

This crew

All this will do;

And on our nose we'll each repose

For you

And you

And you—and you!

(For you—and you—and you—and

you-u-u-u

We clowns of Doodle Doo will do!)

Come, come, ye clowns of Doodle Doo,

Tut-Tut, Tee-Hee, and Clytie, too.

We'll halt and vault

And somersault

And tootle-too!

While each is buzzin' with daily dozen

Until we're black and blue-ue-ue.

We'll chant this witty—pretty ditty

For you

And for Ka-Chew-ew-ew.

Come, cheer for our Ka-Chew,

Ye clowns of Doodle Doo!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

HurrOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[*At the close of the song, one of the CLOWNS blows a horn, while others practice somersaults on the mattress. Then TUT-TUT and TEE-HEE come running out of the tent, shooing softly, and trying to chase the others off at the left.*]

TUT-TUT: Tut-tut! Tut-tut-tut! Go 'way. He's sleeping!

FIRST CLOWN: But-but! But! but-but—we had to take our daily dozen and practice our new song!

TEE-HEE: Shoo-oo-oo-oo! For Ka-Chew! The Clown of Doodle Doo!

SECOND CLOWN: But us clowns must have Our Rights!

TUT-TUT: Sh-h!

TEE-HEE: Sh-h-h-h-h-h!

FIRST CLOWN: Oh, fiddle-dee-dee! All right; we'll be quiet.

[*They all sit down in a semicircle and fold their hands patiently, while TUT-TUT and TEE-HEE tiptoe back into the tent.*]

SECOND CLOWN: Those clowns-in-waiting may be able to hush us up, but why can't Ka-Chew, the Clown of Doodle Doo, sleep at night instead of napping so much in the daytime?

FIRST CLOWN: Of course, we're awfully fond of Ka-Chew, our captain. But he is such a 'fraidy cat!

ALL [*giggling*]: Such a 'fraidy cat!

THIRD CLOWN: That's why his sister is leaving him.

She said she wouldn't cook another waffle for him—because he isn't brave. We can't coax her to stay. And she's packing now.

FOURTH CLOWN: And so we've lost her—Clytemnestra Clementina—such a wonderful cook!

ALL: Such a *wonderful* cook!

THIRD CLOWN: And now we have to go without chicken pie and gingerbread, cookies, oyster stew, chocolate cake, and waffles—

ALL: Oh, such waffles!

TEE-HEE [*coming out of the tent, rolling some hoops*]: C'mon, you clumsy clowns of Doodle Doo! Let's practice hoop-rolling back there on the road!

TUT-TUT [*following with more hoops*]: C'mon, clumsy clowns!

ALL [*taking hoops*]: C'mon!

[*They all hurry off the stage at the left, singing their Clown Song. You can hear them finishing it in the distance. Then CLYTEMNESTRA CLEMENTINA comes tiptoeing out from the tent, carrying a suitcase, a lunch hamper, and an umbrella and a bird cage. When she gets halfway across the yard she stops and tiptoes back to the tent door, listening. If your ears are sharp you can hear the snores, too.*]

CLYTIE: Yes, he's snoring. Poor thing! Maybe that's the last time I'll ever hear his dear old snore! Oh, dear! His de-e-e-ear old sn-no-o-ore!

[*She sits down on her suitcase and dries her eyes with a tinsel-edged hanky. MOLLY and TED come out of hiding now and tiptoe up to her.*]

MOLLY: Ahem!



*Clytie*

TED: Ahem-m-m-m-m-m!

[CLYTIE'S *mouth opens in wonder, but she doesn't have a word to say.*]

MOLLY: Can't we help you? [CLYTIE *shakes her head no very positively.*]

TED: You see, Molly and I found this clown camp when our balloon blew away from us and came here.

CLYTIE [*finding her voice*]: It must have come from one of our balloon bushes—balloons always come back home.

MOLLY: Do they? Well, anyway, Ted and I were sort of bashful when we got here and hid and—

TED: And we couldn't help hearing how timid your brother was and how you're going away and leaving them all without a cook.

CLYTIE [*sniffing*]: I can't stand it any longer! I won't cook for a 'fraidy cat! No more of my chicken pie and gingerbread, cookies, oyster stew, chocolate cake, and waffles for Ka-Chew and his clumsy clowns! No more!

MOLLY: But—

CLYTIE: There are no "but's" about it. . . . I'm going.

TED: What a pity your brother isn't braver!

CLYTIE: Why, if Ka-Chew only did *three* brave deeds I'd have stayed. But what can you do with a person who yells when his bath water is too hot or too cold, who yelps when you scrub behind his ears, and who is afraid of thunder and the nice, cozy dark?

MOLLY: Let me think.

CLYTIE: Not a bit of use! Good-by.

MOLLY: Don't go! Wait a minute! If we can get your brother to do three brave deeds, then will you stay?

CLYTIE: Yes, but you'll never get him to! You don't know Ka-Chew, the Clown of Doodle Doo! [*A squeal of fear now comes out from the tent.*] That's him now.

MOLLY: Quick—let's all hide behind those boxes.

[*There is another panicky squeal as the three run to cover at the left. They are just in time, too, for KA-CHEW now comes running out of his tent, squealing, and jumps upon a stool, his fingers in his ears.*]

KA-CHEW: Help! Help! Hel-l-l-l-lup!

TEE-HEE AND TUT-TUT [*hurrying in from the left*]: What's the matter, Ka-Chew?

KA-CHEW: A mouse! A mouse! I *know* it was a mouse! In my tent! I saw him run! Catch him! Catch him!

TEE-HEE AND TUT-TUT [*giggling behind their hands and exchanging glances*]: Yes, sir! [*They run into the*



*tent while KA-CHEW fans himself; then run out, holding a big spool of black thread.]* Here's your mouse—a spool of thread. It fell on the floor.

KA-CHEW [*drying his eyes*]: Here, gimme! Well, it certainly looked like a mouse, but it's Clytie's spool of thread. [*He sniffs again.*] I'll keep it to remember her by. [*He puts the spool into his pocket and sits down upon the box.*]

TEE-HEE: She's gone, then?

KA-CHEW [*almost breaking down again*]: Yes. Stole away while I slept, Clytie did. Oh, why did she have to go? [*Sentimentally.*] My dear, dear sister! [*Indignantly.*] And where shall I ever get such wonderful waffles again? [*He opens his mouth to sneeze, but after a moment's suspense the sneeze disappoints him. He turns impatiently to his clowns-in-waiting.*] There! I lost that sneeze—and my yawn, too! Completely mislaid 'em! Run along now, clowns-in-waiting, and fetch me my soap-bubbles. . . . Then leave me alone—alone with my fidgets, my lost sneeze and my bro-bro-broken heart! [*He sniffs plaintively.*]

[TUT-TUT and TEE-HEE run to the tent, bring him his soap-bubble pipe and bowl of soapsuds, and tiptoe out again, with fingers on lips.]

KA-CHEW, after blowing a few bubbles and rolling his eyes around pathetically, begins singing. After each verse he blows a bubble. Toward the close of the song, TED and MOLLY tiptoe out from behind the boxes, and sit down on either side of him, folding their hands patiently, and waiting for him to notice them. He does not, though, until he finishes his song.]

KA-CHEW [*singing to the tune of "The Farmer in the Dell"*]:

Oh, poor old Ka-Chew,  
The Clown of Doodle Doo!  
I've lost my yawn  
And my cook has gone:  
Boo . . . Hoo . . . Hoo!

Oh, 'fraidy-cat Ka-Chew,  
What can I do?  
Bubbles blow  
My troubles, oh,  
Away from me . . . boo . . . hoo!

Oh, Clytie, Doodle Doo  
Is yearning now for you;  
We'd be so grateful  
For a plateful  
Of your oyster stew!

Poor old Ka-Chew,  
And dearest Clytie, too!  
I'd like to win her  
Back for dinner.  
Boo! Hoo! Hoo!

[*He turns around and sees MOLLY sitting patiently, with hands folded, at one side of him.*]

KA-CHEW: O-o-o-o-o-oh! [*He jumps up. Then he turns around to see TED sitting patiently, with hands folded, at his other side.*] Ah-h-h-h! [*He jumps still higher.*]

MOLLY [*firmly*]: You needn't be scared. We're just children.

TED [*still more firmly*]: And if you want to win Clytie back, you'll have to do—

KA-CHEW [*excitedly*]: How—how—how? What—what can I do?

MOLLY AND TED: Three brave deeds!

KA-CHEW [*disappointedly*]: Three brave deeds? I knew there was a catch in it somewhere. [*He rolls over on the ground and hides his face.*]

MOLLY: Can't you do three brave deeds?

KA-CHEW: I'm timid, I tell you. I was born that way.

TED: Pooh! What difference does that make?

KA-CHEW: Oh, peanuts! There you go! No sympathy for my troubles! Oh, deary me-e-e! No sympathy at all-l-l-l-l!

MOLLY: Lots of people aren't brave to begin with. It takes practice!

KA-CHEW [*rolling over and kicking up his heels*]: I'm no good at practice—no good at leapfrog practice or saxophone practice or pillow-fight practice or—

TED: All you have to do is to remember not to be afraid—ever!

MOLLY [*encouragingly*]: I know you can do three brave deeds. Any one can.

KA-CHEW [*sitting up and drying his eyes*]: By the great circus sawdust! I'll try to! I'll try to!

MOLLY: Goody! Just try hard enough, and you'll do them.

TED: Let's think of some good ones for him. Call in your clowns. We'll need plenty of witnesses.

KA-CHEW: Oh, bubbles! I'm beginning to be afraid already! But I'll call 'em! I'll call 'em!

[*He blows a horn and all the CLUMSY CLOWNS come tumbling in, leapfrog fashion. One carries a small blackboard.*]

CLOWNS: How-do-you-do-Ka-Chew?

KA-CHEW: I want you all to meet my new friends, Molly and Ted.

CLOWNS [*bowing low*]: We-welcome-you-to-Doodle-Doo!

MOLLY: Thank you. Ka-Chew's going to do three brave deeds, and we thought you'd like to watch him.

CLOWNS [*trying to hide their smiles and giggles behind their hands*]: We would!

KA-CHEW: Oh, dear! They may give me stage fright.

MOLLY: Nonsense! That's the silliest fright there is! Excuse me. [*She and TED put their heads together and whisper. Then TED slips off when nobody is looking, and whispers to CLYTIE, who has been listening behind the boxes all this time.*] Now, first of all, I'm going to scrub behind your ears—good and hard. And you are not to fuss at all!

[*TEE-HEE runs to the tent and brings out a wash basin, towel, and big scrubbing brush, which he hands to MOLLY.*]

KA-CHEW [*piteously*]: I always yell. My ears are so tender! And the soapsuds get mixed up with my tears and get in my eyes and—

MOLLY [*sternly*]: If this is to be a brave deed, you'll have to hush.

TED [*still more sternly*]: Not a yelp, now!

[*MOLLY begins to scrub vigorously while all the*

CLOWNS *stand in a semicircle, each with a hand held to his ear to catch the slightest whimper.*

KA-CHEW *squirms a bit and makes a few faces, but bites his lips and manages to keep quiet.*

MOLLY [*drying his ears roughly with a towel*]: You didn't holler, so we'll count that as a brave deed. [CLOWNS *applaud, and one chalks the figure 1 on the blackboard.*] But next time don't squirm so.



*Clown in Waiting*

KA-CHEW [*drawing a deep breath*]: It doesn't hurt so when you don't fuss.

TED: Of course not. Now go into your tent—without a lantern—and bring me the diary you keep in your closet.

KA-CHEW: Oh, not my diary! And not in the dark! I'm so—

MOLLY AND TED [*pointing firmly to the tent*]: Go!

[KA-CHEW *stands wringing his hands for an instant, then slowly, with bent head, enters the tent. In another moment he comes out with a notebook and hands it to TED.*]

TED [*putting down the book*]: Of course, I don't really want to see your diary. That's private. But it was brave of you to offer it to me. [*The CLOWNS clap. The one who is keeping count of the brave deeds chalks another figure 1 on the blackboard.*]

MOLLY: And didn't you find the dark nice and cozy when you got used to it?

KA-CHEW [*smiling*]: Not so bad! Not so bad!

MOLLY: Listen.

[*A growling sound is heard over by the boxes at the left.*]

KA-CHEW [*beginning to tremble*]: What is it? A dog? A lion? A mouse?

[*The growling grows louder.*]

TED: That will be your third brave deed. You must go and find what's making that noise, and *bring it straight to me!*

KA-CHEW [*appealing to MOLLY*]: Must I?

MOLLY: Yes, Ka-Chew. That's your third brave deed.

[KA-CHEW, *after a moment's hesitation, lifts up his head proudly and steps over to the boxes. Then he laughs and laughs.*]

KA-CHEW: Clytie! Clytie! It's you! It's you!

CLYTIE [*coming back with him, hippity-hop*]: My own brave Ka-Chew! You'll never be a 'fraidy cat again. Will you?

KA-CHEW: Never! At least, *scarcely* ever. And if I am, just remind me how silly it is!

[*The third figure 1 is now chalked on the black-board.*]

CLOWNS [*running up to CLYTIE*]: Clytie! Clytie! Will you stay and cook for us, *forever?*

CLYTIE [*putting on her gingham apron*]: Certainly.

KA-CHEW [*turning to the children and remembering his manners*]: Stay for dinner—do.

CHILDREN: Thank you. We'd love to.

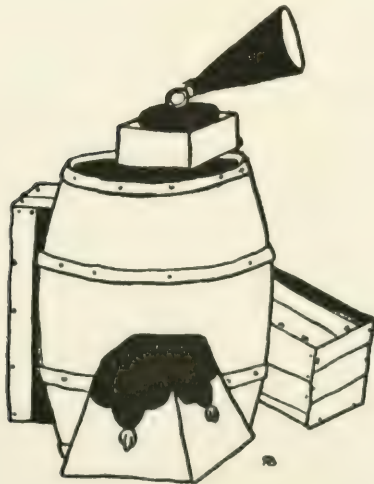
CLYTIE: You've done us all a good turn to-day, so we'll celebrate and have—

TEE-HEE AND TUT-TUT: Chicken pie and gingerbread, cookies, oyster stew, chocolate cake and waffles—

ALL [*much excited*]: And waffles!

[*All join hands, and dance around CLYTIE and the children, singing the "Clown Song." They do it with such a flourish that we want to sing it, too.*]

CURTAIN







# THE DOWRY OF COLUMBINE

—BY—

BERTHA GOES

A description of the staging in general, and costuming and scenery of the play slightly varying from the author's will be found at the end of the volume.

## THE PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

TWINKLETOES, a little-boy elf who lives in the Land at the Foot of the Rainbow

SOSO, Twinkletoes' sister

THE FIDDLER, an old-man fairy, the ruler of the Land at the Foot of the Rainbow

HARLEQUIN, who is in love with Columbine and in league with the pirates

CAPTAIN PEG, Pirate chief of the brig "Gypsy Jane"

THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND, temporarily acting as leader of the pirates.

THE DOCTOR, a young physician attending on the Captain

THE BO'S'N

THE FAT PIRATE

THE VERY YOUNG PIRATE

SEVEN \* OTHER PIRATES

} the crew of the "Gypsy Jane"

PIERROT, who loves Columbine

COLUMBINE, who loves Pierrot

TWO LITTLE PIERROTS

\* This number can be decreased or increased according to the number of children available.



*Twinkletoes*

*Soso*

## THE DOWRY OF COLUMBINE

When the curtain rises, the Fiddler is seen in the foreground, asleep. On the platform at the back are Twinkletoes and Soso. Twinkletoes, a boy, is lying on the parapet, leaning far over, intent upon something below. He is waving his legs and arms in wild excitement and crowing exultantly. Soso, a girl, is hanging on to his coat with one hand, trying to pull him back, while with the other arm she screens her face, which is too near Twinkletoes' rapidly moving legs for comfort.

On the floor near the parapet stands a scrubbing pail, with a mop leaning against it.

**TWINKLETOES** [*joyously, while the curtain is rising*]:  
Hi! Hi! Hi! Oh! I say! Oh! I say!

**Soso** [*emphasizing each word with a jerk at his coat*]:  
Twinkletoes, Twinkletoes! Do get up! You'll fall off again, and the last time you landed on the gleaming stairway, and you made a frightful splotch!

TWINKLETOES [*jerking himself free from her grasp and raising his head*]: Let me alone, Soso! There's some one coming, I tell you, some two or three or four—oh, lots of them!

[*The FIDDLER stirs slightly. Soso and TWINKLETOES turn toward him and listen a moment, Soso with a warning finger on her lip. Then, with a shrug, TWINKLETOES turns back to look over the parapet again, and Soso, moving on tiptoe, goes back to the pail and picks up her mop.*]

Soso [*in a low voice, as she wrings out the mop cloth*]: Do come and help me finish the work, Twinkletoes. The Fiddler will be waking in a moment. Listen! [*She pauses. TWINKLETOES reluctantly raises his head.*] Didn't he laugh in his sleep just then? [*She waits a moment, but TWINKLETOES has returned to his view.*] That means he is dreaming some new music and he'll want to play it as soon as he wakes. Run and get his fiddle, please, Twinkletoes! And I'll make the mother-of-pearl and the malachite shine \* so that they will reflect the colors of his song. [*She begins to mop energetically. Then, impatiently:*] Twinkletoes!

TWINKLETOES [*sitting up suddenly and facing her*]: Bother the fiddle and the work! I tell you, there are strange people coming! They're almost halfway up the stairs now, and there are lots of them. Wild people! People we've never seen before, here in the Land at the Foot of the Rainbow! Look at them! Look at them! [*He points down over the parapet.*] See, there are two of them! They are carrying something! [*Soso, mopstick in hand, timidly*

\* These words may be altered to suit the setting or the sentence may be omitted entirely.

*tiptoes to his side and looks over.*] And look at the one in the patched suit who isn't fierce like the rest! The one leading the way. Watch him wave to the others to hurry!

Soso [*in amazement*]: Why, those aren't lovers! They can't be lovers! They're not like any one I ever saw before! [*Disappointed.*] We've always had lovers before!

TWINKLETOES [*scornfully*]: Huh! Well, I guess they're not lovers! Look at the cutlasses they've got—and the daggers. . . . Whew!

Soso [*clinging to him*]: Oh, they frighten me! See their faces! Oh, they are terrible! Terrible!

TWINKLETOES [*glancing around apprehensively at the sleeper*]: Hush! You'll wake the Fiddler!

Soso: He ought to wake! He ought to know!

TWINKLETOES [*again looking around*]: Hush! He'll wake soon enough, and he's so cross when you wake him! [*Trying to divert Soso's attention.*] See! They've stopped to rest. [*Pointing over the parapet.*] Look! See the checkered fellow now. He doesn't want them to sit down!

Soso [*looking over the parapet again*]: And the big one with the enormous earrings! Why, he's wiping his eyes! And the funny one with the high hat and the black bag! What's he?

TWINKLETOES: How should I know? [*Jumping about.*] Oh, what fun, what fun, what fun! More folk to be fooled! Poor fools! Poor silly fools!

[*He sings. During the song Soso shows that she disagrees with him and disapproves of his rejoicing in others' misfortunes by shaking her head when he nods his, etc.*]

Oh, what fools these mortals be!  
So said Puck! So say I!  
Always seeking eagerly,  
Looking low, looking high.  
All the time in search of gold,  
Climbing all this way. . . .  
And when they come, what will they find?  
[Chuckling] Well, you'll see to-day! \*



*The Fiddler*

[When the song ends, the two sit together on the parapet, interestedly watching the people below. The FIDDLER wakes, stretches himself, throws back his head, and then gazes dreamily into space.]

\* Tune, "Put Down Six and Carry Two," from *Babes in Toyland*, by A. A. Chapin and G. MacDonough. New York: Duffield.

FIDDLER: Oh, what music, what music I shall make! Even here in the Land at the Foot of the Rainbow, no one has ever heard its like before. But they shall hear it! [*Calling.*] Twinkletoes! My fiddle! [*To himself, dreamily.*] And as for mortals, they shall hear my melodies in the rain falling. [*Calling again, and clapping his hands impatiently.*] Twinkletoes, Twinkletoes! I say! Where is the vagabond? [*Catching sight of the two on the parapet, who are too absorbed to hear a word.*] Gazing down to earth as usual, waiting greedily for the next poor mortal who shall labor up our gleaming stairway in a vain search for gold! Poor mortals! Poor foolish mortals! Why seek for gold up here when all of life is full of golden moments?

TWINKLETOES [*exultantly*]: They're coming! They're coming! They're coming, I say!

FIDDLER [*startled, leaping to his feet and approaching the parapet*]: Who's coming?

[*Soso guiltily hurries back to her mop and pail.*]

TWINKLETOES: Look! Look! More folks to be fooled!

[*The FIDDLER looks over the parapet; then with a quick gesture he beckons to TWINKLETOES and Soso.*]

FIDDLER: Come away! We must hide! We'll listen and find out who they are and what they want. Then, when we know, we'll come back and tease them a little and see what they do.

[*They come down to the front and hide from the view of any one on the stage between the front of the screen at the right and the stage curtain, where the audience can still see them, however. Soso carefully sets down her mop and pail and seats herself close to TWINKLETOES. The FIDDLER*

*kneels behind them. Throughout the next scene they listen carefully, with evident enjoyment.*

*Almost at once a head appears over the parapet, and in a moment HARLEQUIN leaps lightly on to the stage. He glances swiftly about; then calls back to those behind.]*

HARLEQUIN: Here we are! Hurry! We're in time!

*[The PIRATE CAPTAIN next appears. He clammers over the parapet with some difficulty, watches with a frown the ascent of the two knaves who carry the treasure chest, and when that is bestowed safely down stage, sits down on it and at first pays no attention to what is going on.*

*The DOCTOR follows close on the CAPTAIN'S heels. As soon as his patient is seated, he busies himself in making observations of the CAPTAIN'S temperature and pulse with the aid of several strange instruments. The CAPTAIN submits patiently. This pantomime continues to the first mention of COLUMBINE.*

*Following the DOCTOR comes the SECOND-IN-COMMAND, who stops, breathless, on the parapet.]*

HARLEQUIN *[to the SECOND-IN-COMMAND]*: Lo! We are here!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND *[mopping his brow and panting]*: Low? I calls it high!

*[The other PIRATES straggle on dejectedly and shuffle across the platform.]*

HARLEQUIN *[looking about at the company]*: Whatever is the matter? Why these hangdog expressions?

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Stow that gaff! Shiver my timbers! Can't a man stop to draw breath? *[Turning to the*



*crew and bustling among them.*] Come, come, my hearties, cheer up! We've arrived! [*He slaps one on the back.*]

ONE OF THE CREW: It's about time! I thought we'd never get here!



*Doctor*

A FAT PIRATE [*wiping his face with a red bandanna*]: Here? What is this *here* anyway?

HARLEQUIN: This is the Foot of the Rainbow!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Where the pot of gold is buried!

[*TWINKLETOES nudges Soso and grins meaningly.*]

THE FAT PIRATE [*wringing the moisture out of his bandanna and puffing*]: Oh! Yes, of course! Well, I hope it's worth it! I counted a hundred and ninety-three steps coming up! Whoo-oo! [*He wheezes.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*patting him on the shoulder*]:

Heave ho for a jolly tar! Did you think your old sea-legs wouldn't stand this trip aloft? Why, 'Od's bodikin, man, before you know it, we'll have that pot of gold and go sliding down the rigging to the "Gypsy Jane" that's moored at the bottom of these stairs, that's what!

[*The crew cheer mildly.*]

ANOTHER PIRATE: Aye, it's the gold we're after! And we aren't afraid to fight for it, either!

[*TWINKLETOES starts to chuckle, but the FIDDLER puts a hand swiftly over his mouth.*]

A VERY YOUNG PIRATE [*flourishing a dagger*]: Just let any fellow try to stop me! I'll get the treasure!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: That's better now! That's better! No use crying over what cannot be helped! Cheer up, my hearties! Avast now! Let's steer a straight course for the gold and haul it off!

THE PIRATES: Aye! Aye! The gold! The pot of gold! The gold!

THE FAT PIRATE: An' then yo! ho! for the high seas with a gray sky and a piping gale behind!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Silence! First, let's get the lay of the land! Here, you! [*He points out four of the crew, among them the Bo's'n.*] Be off. Scout around! Keep a weather eye out for trouble! Post lookouts! [*The four go out.*] Ho, Harlequin! [*HARLEQUIN turns from the parapet, where he has been looking anxiously down as if watching for some one.*] You brought us here! Now lead us to the goal of all our climbing!

[*The PIRATES flourish daggers and cutlasses and cheer approvingly.*]

HARLEQUIN [*pirouetting to the center of the stage and*

*raising his hand for silence*]: One moment! Did you not promise to wait for Pierrot and Columbine?

[*The CAPTAIN groans. The DOCTOR drops his instruments. The crew look at one another in despair. But Soso listens with new interest.*]



*Captain Peg*

DOCTOR [*aside in a hoarse whisper to HARLEQUIN*]: Hush! Hush! Have you forgotten that you must not speak of any woman when the Captain's by?

[*The CAPTAIN groans more lugubriously.*]

HARLEQUIN [*with another pirouette, shrugging*]: Well, Pierrot, my rival, if you would rather talk about him—though I wouldn't! He's coming here to-day, I've told you so a thousand times, to get the pot of gold we're after

too! [*The FIDDLER and TWINKLETOES wink at each other.*] He wants it as a dowry for his bride!

CREW [*agonized*]: Dowry!

[*The CAPTAIN starts in anguish, and drops his head into his hands. Gusty sighs shake his frame. The DOCTOR begins to observe his symptoms all over again.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND:

Don't speak of dowries here with us! \*  
We've got a dowry too!  
And with that plagued box of gold  
We don't know what to do.

CREW [*pointing to the chest on which the CAPTAIN is sitting*]:

And with that plagued box of gold  
We don't know what to do.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND:

You see it is the Captain's ward's,  
The ward whom he mislaid!  
And he is such an honest man  
He feels it must be paid!

CREW [*shaking their heads sadly*]:

Yes, he is such an honest man  
He feels it must be paid!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND:

Her parents left it in his charge  
Just sixteen years ago.

\* Recitative. Tune: "Captain Bing," from *Songs of Father Goose*, by L. F. Baum. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Of course he made them walk the plank!  
The babe he did not know.

CREW [*matter-of-factly*]:

Of course he made them walk the plank!  
The babe he did not know.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND:

Alas! He's never found the child.  
He's hunted all these years.  
And that he cannot keep his trust  
Is the cause of all his tears!

CREW [*breaking down and weeping bitterly*]:

Aye, that he cannot keep his trust,  
Is the cause of all our tears!

[*As the song ends, the DOCTOR puts away his instruments and jots down a few remarks in his notebook. The CAPTAIN sits, with slack mouth and drooping head, the picture of despair. The SECOND-IN-COMMAND wipes his eyes and clears his throat gruffly. SOSO wipes away a tear. TWINKLETOES looks disgustedly at the CAPTAIN. The FIDDLER nods knowingly.*]

HARLEQUIN [*striking an attitude, toe out in a bal pointé*]: What I can't understand is—why can't he find her? Hasn't he any clue?

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Clues? Humph! Her parents told him that she was the most beautiful baby in the world! But on my soul, we found a million to answer that description if you listen to what the mothers have to say about them.

HARLEQUIN [*sympathetically*]: Mothers would!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: And they told him too—the Captain's ward's parents, I mean—shiver my timbers, I wish we'd never have drowned the turtledoves!—that their child had a voice like bells ringing when one is happiest! But we've never found any one with a voice like that!

FAT PIRATE [*dolefully*]: And never will!

[*The other PIRATES sadly nod agreement. The CAPTAIN sobs audibly.*]

DOCTOR [*timidly, coming forward, and stammering in his anxiety*]: I must beg of you, gentlemen, that you desist! Your discussion, penetrating, by way of the tympanic membrane, the auditory ossicles and the inner ear to the cerebral hemispheres—

VERY YOUNG PIRATES: Gory gudgeons! What's all that?

DOCTOR [*ignoring the interruption*]: —is aggravating the already alarming condition of my patient.

[*HARLEQUIN regards the DOCTOR with an amused smile.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Oh! Shut him up or he will never stop!

DOCTOR [*continuing, undisturbed*]: And extreme depression, especially at such a high altitude, is apt to prove fatal.

[*The crew stare in open-mouthed dismay at the DOCTOR. The CAPTAIN buries his face in his hands.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*in despair, to HARLEQUIN*]: You might as well try to stop the waves on the sand!

DOCTOR: I observe both exrhythmus and exphysexis—

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Oh, put some rope down his gullet!

DOCTOR: —and at the present reading, my aneroid barometer, attached to his medulla oblongata, registers [*pausing to consult his notebook*]—er—er—somewhat under 26° [*shaking his head*], which is indicative of threatened concussion cerebralitis—

ONE OF THE CREW: Sarah who?

DOCTOR [*pompously*]: —and the hygrometer [*again consulting notebook*]—er—er—has almost reached—er—100°, at which point tears are bound to brim over! [*Plaintively.*] Would you make your noble Captain weep?

[*HARLEQUIN turns away, shrugging. The crew regard each other with scared expressions; then they all turn and stare at the CAPTAIN, who has settled down again into gloomy silence.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*putting on his fiercest frown and advancing on the DOCTOR*]: Oh, come on now, doc, stow that! [*The DOCTOR falls back, step by step, as the SECOND-IN-COMMAND advances.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Who said this little excursion would benefit the Captain—take his mind off his troubles—cheer the crew? Wasn't it you? You! What kind of a medical adviser are you, anyway? Has it done it, I ask you? Has it done it?

DOCTOR [*scurrying to a safe place behind the CAPTAIN*]: Y-y-yes, s-sir! N-n-n-no, sir!

[*TWINKLETOES enjoys this scene of intimidation, but SOSO covers her eyes and the FIDDLER shakes his head. The CAPTAIN pays no attention to any one. Occasionally he passes a weary hand over his*

*eyes and sighs pitcously. The DOCTOR wipes the cold sweat from his brow.]*

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*turning to HARLEQUIN*]: Well, I must say this is a fine kettle of fish! You with your story of treasure buried in a cave at the Foot of the Rainbow! Humph! I might have known you'd land us somewhere out of latitude and longitude! Well, what are we waiting for?

HARLEQUIN: I told you! For Pierrot and [*in a stage whisper*] and Columbine!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: But what's the idea of making *us* hang around in the offing until that girl gets here? Can't you manage her alone? I tell you, this is playing the deuce with the Captain's tender feelings!

DOCTOR [*fervently*]: That's the truth!

HARLEQUIN [*with a flourish*]: But you must wait! I told you I'm to rescue Columbine—

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Rescue Columbine! Blowed if I get your idea! Rescue her from whom?

HARLEQUIN: From you!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: From me! Nonsense! Now see here, Patches! You just let us dig out the gold and get away! Then, when that girl heaves in sight, rescue her from the other fellow—Pierrot, you call him?—if you've got to rescue her from some one!

*[The CAPTAIN wipes a tear from his eye with the back of his hand.]*

HARLEQUIN: But—

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Now, what's the matter with that? Isn't that rescue enough? Just send the other fellow down to Davy Jones's locker at the bottom of the sea and carry off the lady, all sails set!



HARLEQUIN [*moving away with a quick pas de basque step*]: But you don't understand! I don't know where the gold is hidden—

[*The FIDDLER rises and peers out at HARLEQUIN from his hiding place.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*screaming*]: What!

CREW [*in wild excitement*]: What? No gold? He doesn't know where the gold is! By the bloated whale! A fine story! A likely yarn! [*They threaten HARLEQUIN with their weapons.*]

HARLEQUIN: No! No! You don't understand! There's plenty of gold! It's in a cave somewhere up here. Only I don't know just where! But Pierrot does!

ONE OF THE CREW: What's he got to do with us, Patches?

HARLEQUIN: Oh, don't you see? He'll be here soon—any minute now—he and Columbine whom I love—

[*Soso clasps her hands delightedly. The CAPTAIN produces a handkerchief and wipes his eyes.*]

ANOTHER PIRATE: A lot we care about that! But the gold—

HARLEQUIN: Yes, the gold! Now listen! When they get here, you will attack them. [*The PIRATES nod vigorously.*] Then I will come to Columbine's aid and save her from you—

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Oh, I see now! *Stage* a rescue, eh?

HARLEQUIN [*ignoring his sneer*]: And take her back to earth [*with a flourish*] as my true love! [*Soso heaves a romantic sigh.*] Meanwhile, you valiant men are to make Pierrot show you where the gold is, and set him free in payment for it—that is, after Columbine and I have gone!

THE FAT PIRATE [*scratching his head*]: Set him free? What for?

OTHER PIRATES: Not make him walk the plank? Spare him? Free him?

HARLEQUIN: Of course! Of course! You mustn't hurt him! You must free him! Promise me that—or Columbine would never forgive me, never!

[*The crew laugh unpleasantly.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Swash my topsails, if that isn't like a blasted landlubber! Not hurt him! Well, the fishes and the mermaids will be kind to him, never fear!

THE FAT PIRATE: Take an old salt's advice, boy, and let us put him out of the way. You'll never be easy a minute if you don't.

VERY YOUNG PIRATE: Just carry off the lady in true cave-man style! She'll never think of Pierrot again!

[*The FIDDLER shakes his head.*]

HARLEQUIN: I couldn't be happy if I thought Pierrot were to suffer! I only want Columbine to think me a hero and love me more than she does him!

[*As this dialogue has progressed, the CAPTAIN has become more and more overwhelmed with tears. At intervals he sobs violently. The DOCTOR has tried in vain to quiet him. Now, in distraction, he motions for silence.*]

DOCTOR [*with a killing air of importance*]:

Alas, the Captain's malady increases \*

With the years, because you see he fears

\* Recitative, Doctor and Crew singing the chorus. Tune: "Jovial Old King Cole," verse and chorus, p. 64, *The House That Jack Built*, by J. L. Gaynor. Chicago: Clayton F. Summy Company.

That as each goes by, the time is drawing nearer  
For the marriage of his ward!

[*Singing.*]

And there is nothing so abhorred  
As guardians who break their trust!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*echoing drearily*]:  
Yes, there is nothing so abhorred  
As guardians who break their trust!

DOCTOR [*in a passionate crescendo*]:  
And so he must, he must find his ward!

DOCTOR, SECOND-IN-COMMAND, AND CREW:  
For there is nothing so abhorred  
As guardians who break their trust!

DOCTOR [*recitative*]:  
Now I am just a very young M.D.,  
But I've absorbed my science thoroughly!  
And I'm guaranteed to ferret out a smile  
If you have one anywhere!

[*Singing.*]

Ah, but defeat I must confess  
Because I guess I can't beguile  
The Captain's one-time radiant smile  
Until he finds his long-sought ward!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND AND CREW [*fiercely*]:  
Yes, defeat he must confess!  
He can't beguile the Captain's smile

Until we find that long-sought ward  
And deliver her dowry's yellow hoard!

HARLEQUIN: It's very sad!

DOCTOR: Yes, very sad!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*woebegone*]: Yes, very, very sad indeed!

*[The stage grows darker. As the last measures of the music are repeated, gloom descends on them all. There is a silence, broken only by the CAPTAIN'S sobs, to which the music is a pathetic echo. Then, from afar, at the rear, comes singing. HARLEQUIN tiptoes to the parapet and looks over.]*

HARLEQUIN: It is they!

*[He glides back to the right against the curtain, where he will not be seen from the parapet. The DOCTOR touches the CAPTAIN on the shoulder and points off to the left. With an effort the CAPTAIN rises, gestures to two PIRATES to pick up the chest, and follows them off to the left. The DOCTOR is close at his patient's heels. The SECOND-IN-COMMAND and remaining pirates tiptoe off to the right with exaggerated caution. SOSO and TWINKLETOES rise and turn to look questioning at the FIDDLER. He puts his finger on his lip, and they turn again and peer out across the darkening stage toward the parapet.]*

*As the newcomers advance up the stairway, the words of their song become more and more distinct.]*

TWO LITTLE PIERROTS [*appearing over the parapet, carrying huge yellow lanterns*]:

Up a step and up a step we climb into the sky.\*  
 Far below our feet we see the little earth go by.  
 Columbine's searching for gold  
 And the Fiddler's old.  
 With a dowry Pierrot and Columbine could wed,  
 But she's none and so they seek the pot of gold instead!  
 With lanterns aglow, escorting Pierrot,  
 Up a step and up a step we climb into the sky.

[*Calling.*] Pierrot!

[PIERROT *enters.*]

LITTLE PIERROTS [*saluting*]: Pierrot! [PIERROT *helps*  
 COLUMBINE *over the parapet.*] Columbine!

[*The lovers stand near the parapet. HARLEQUIN*  
*is watching them from the shadows. SOSO is ec-*  
*static, TWINKLETOES bored, the FIDDLER smiling*  
*indulgently.*]

PIERROT: And now, my fairy princess, we have reached  
 the Foot of the Rainbow and the end of the fairy story.  
 All that remains for us is to take the pot of gold and go  
 back to live happily ever after.

COLUMBINE: Ah, Pierrot, it is you who have brought  
 us safely out of all our adventures, you who have  
 sung to us and cheered us on the long road that leads  
 to the Rainbow's end, you will make life happy ever  
 after!

[*They sit down front stage.*]

PIERROT: Nay, it is love that has wandered the world  
 over with us, lighting our way with his great yellow lan-  
 tern, the moon; and sorrow and fear and longing for the  
 earth faded from our hearts. But dreams were very near,

\* Tune: Chorus of "In a Little Spanish Town." New York: Feist.

rapturous dreams of happiness to be. And now our dreams come true!

[*He sings.*]

Love closed your heart to grief,\*  
 Dust of stars clouding your sight.  
 Love wove into your dreams, dear,  
 Gay patterns of rainbow light.  
 But now the dreamtime's o'er,  
 And we find life is more fair,  
 Let's seek the earth again, dear,  
 And live all we've dreamed of there!

[*They sit together in silence for a moment. The LITTLE PIERROTS stand, one at either side. There is no light on the forestage. The FIDDLER touches TWINKLETOES and SOSO gently on the shoulder and beckons. The three disappear behind the curtain at the right.*]

COLUMBINE [*turning with a sigh to look back over the parapet at the earth*]: How beautiful it is, the kind little earth we left behind, how full of smiles and song and happiness! Let us go back quickly, Pierrot, and seek a dowry somewhere else, not here. Come, it is dreary and cold!

[*They rise. The SECOND-IN-COMMAND thrusts his head out cautiously around the corner of the screen at the right and surveys the stage. The BO'S'N'S head appears around the screen at the left. Simultaneously they beckon to those behind.*]

\* Tune: Chorus of "Can It Be Love at Last?" from *Fiddlers Three*.  
 New York: Witmark.

PIERROT: Courage a little longer, sweetheart! [*He points down over the parapet.*] See, there at the foot of the stairway, the glint of spreading wings! Our shallop waits! Soon we can turn back. But now, be brave! Beloved! [*He holds out his hand to her.*] Come! Let us go and find the Fiddler!

[*The LITTLE PIERROTS step forward, holding their lanterns high. The lovers follow, looking only at each other. HARLEQUIN moves back out of their sight. Just then the PIRATES, led on the right by the SECOND-IN-COMMAND and on the left by the BO'S'N, burst onto the stage, yelling wildly and singing.*]

PIRATES [*exultantly*]:

Yo! ho! for the Bloody Buccaneers! \*

And yo! ho! ho! the "Gypsy Jane"!

Oh, many a ship we'll scuttle and sink

In the deep and secret main!

Yo! ho! for our hoards of treasures old!

And yo! ho! ho! the gallows high!

For the Skull and Bones and for Davy Jones

And for those who are about to die!

[*At the first glimpse of the attackers, COLUMBINE clings to PIERROT, who tries to retreat with her to the parapet. But the PIRATES surround them, shrieking their song and brandishing their weapons. The lovers are torn apart. PIERROT, half stunned by a blow, is tied at the front of the stage. COLUMBINE, held captive by two of the crew, is*

\* Tune: "Robbers' March" (chorus only) from *Chu Chin Chow*.  
New York: Marks.

*dragged back toward the parapet. The FAT PIRATE seizes the LITTLE PIERROTS. Just as the song ends, the CAPTAIN enters slowly from the left, still very mournful. The DOCTOR is with him, and the two KNAVES with the treasure chest.]*

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*waving a threatening cutlass over PIERROT*]: Look sharp, you dirty landlubber! Blowed if I don't shiver your toplights unless you lead us to the gold—and quick about it, too!

PIRATES [*yelling*]: Gold! The gold! Come along! Quick! The gold!

COLUMBINE: Pierrot! Beloved! Pierrot! Beloved!

[*The CAPTAIN groans violently; then he stares for a long moment at COLUMBINE with an expression that is part amazement, part hope.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*hearing the groan, whirls about; then, seeing the CAPTAIN, advances hastily on COLUMBINE*]: Stow that gab! No woman speaks when the Captain's within hail!

[*Shaking his head, the CAPTAIN turns away.*]

DOCTOR [*tapping his forehead significantly and pointing over his shoulder at his patient; to the FAT PIRATE*]: He can't get that voice-business out of his head! [*Scornfully.*] Bells ringing, indeed! Bells in his belfry!

FAT PIRATE: Voice business? Bells ringing? [*He scratches his head; then shrugs as if he thought the DOCTOR quite hopelessly crazy. The other PIRATES mutter excitedly to one another.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*to the DOCTOR*]: Stow that! [*The DOCTOR sidles over to where the CAPTAIN has sunk down again on the treasure chest. To the FAT PIRATE:*] Here, you! [*In a loud voice to the crew:*] There's too



much commotion! [*The PIRATES fall silent.*] Swash my topsails, is this an orderly treasure hunt or is it not? You, Bo's'n! [*The Bo's'n steps forward and salutes.*] Did you spot any caves when you were out scouting about?

Bo's'n [*in a cracked voice*]: Aye, aye, sir! Over yon, sir! [*He points to the left.*] And I'll bring this whey-faced bag of bones, who's to save us all the trouble of searching! [*He strides across toward PIERROT.*]

VERY YOUNG PIRATE [*kicking PIERROT roughly*]: Stir your stumps! [*PIERROT staggers about.*]

COLUMBINE [*in terror; breaking away from her captor and throwing herself on her knees before the SECOND-IN-COMMAND*]: Oh, please! Please spare him! Spare Pierrot! He doesn't know where the gold is hidden!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*staring open-mouthed*]: Doesn't know . . . But he said— [*Turning to point at HARLEQUIN.*]

COLUMBINE: We know nothing! I tell you we know nothing! We're looking for the Fiddler, and we don't want the gold—not much gold, only just enough for a dowry!

[*There is a moment of sinister quiet; then a terrible groan from the CAPTAIN. The DOCTOR adjusts a stethoscope hurriedly and listens to his patient's heart.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*waving his cutlass more threateningly than ever; thunderingly, to COLUMBINE*]: Silence!

[*COLUMBINE shrinks away in fear. HARLEQUIN, who has been waiting for this moment, dances forward, motions the SECOND-IN-COMMAND out of the way, and gently raises COLUMBINE from her knees.*]

HARLEQUIN [*grandiloquently, to the SECOND-IN-COM-*

MAND]: Put up your sword! Put up your sword! Put up your sword, I say! Don't dare to frighten her!

[*Slowly the SECOND-IN-COMMAND lowers his cutlass, but he looks from HARLEQUIN to the girl and back again mistrustfully.*]

HARLEQUIN: Come, Columbine, come! Come away, back to the earth, the dear kind earth you love.

[*He half leads, half carries her toward the parapet. The SECOND-IN-COMMAND starts after them; then glancing at the CAPTAIN, who is sitting with his head in his hands, he shakes his head.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*falling back a step; to HARLEQUIN, gruffly*]: By the jumping porpoises! Get that woman out of the way!

COLUMBINE [*turning toward her lover, who is watching her dazedly*]: Pierrot! Pierrot!

[*Again the CAPTAIN starts; again he looks long at COLUMBINE.*]

*Just at this moment the sound of fiddling comes from off stage at the right. PIERROT raises his head, listening as if with new hope. The VERY YOUNG PIRATE tightens his grasp on PIERROT. The SECOND-IN-COMMAND, turning to face the sound, backs across the stage toward the corner where the LITTLE PIERROTS are huddled under the threatening eye of the FAT PIRATE. The DOCTOR settles his tie and his waistcoat and looks in the direction of the sound. HARLEQUIN stands close to the parapet, his hand on COLUMBINE'S arm.*]

COLUMBINE: Oh! Oh! What is that?

[*The FIDDLER dances in, scraping an old-fashioned fiddle and closely followed by TWINKLETOES and*

SOSO, *hand in hand, mimicking every step of the FIDDLER's little dance. At the right of the company, the FIDDLER stops in the middle of a glide, and peers about at them. TWINKLETOES and Soso stop, too.*]

FIDDLER: Well, bless my soul! Bless my soul! [*Turning and winking elaborately at TWINKLETOES.*] What's all this?

COLUMBINE [*breaking away from HARLEQUIN's detaining hand and running across to the FIDDLER*]: Oh, you're the Fiddler, the Fiddler my godmother told me about! Oh, save him, save him from these horrible pirates!

[*The CAPTAIN listens intently to every word COLUMBINE speaks.*]

FIDDLER: Save whom?

COLUMBINE: Pierrot!

FIDDLER: And who is Pierrot? Why save Pierrot?

COLUMBINE: That is he. . . . And I—I love him!

[*Soso clasps her hands at her breast and looks beseechingly at the FIDDLER.*]

FIDDLER: I understand! [*He motions to COLUMBINE to step back.*] And who are these? [*He surveys the rest.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*stepping forward briskly and saluting*]: Officers and men of the brig "Gypsy Jane," sir, Captain Peg commanding.

[*He points to the CAPTAIN.*]

FIDDLER: Are you here for a picnic?

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Not on your topsail halyard! Fact is, Harlequin yonder put us wise to a bit of treasure up here.

FIDDLER: Ah, yes, that everlasting pot of gold!

[*TWINKLETOES covers a grin with his hand.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Better hand it over, mateys! We're desperate fellows. [*The PIRATES snarl ferociously.*] And there's a lot more of us just gone out over yonder to look for the cave. The gold's in a cave, isn't it?

FIDDLER [*grinning*]: That's where it was buried! Twinkletoes! Soso!

TWINKLETOES [*skipping forward and bowing*]: Here! Soso [*curtsying*]: Here!

FIDDLER: Lead these gentlemen to the cavern where ages ago the pot of gold was hidden. Let's have lights and music!

[*He motions to the LITTLE PIERROTS, who step forward to light the way. Soso and TWINKLETOES, singing the air but not the words of TWINKLETOES' \* song and clapping their hands in time to the music, dance out left. The SECOND-IN-COMMAND and the VERY YOUNG PIRATE follow. The FAT PIRATE and the other PIRATE, carrying the treasure chest, the CAPTAIN, and the DOCTOR bring up the rear. Just as he leaves the stage, the CAPTAIN turns once more and fixes his mournful eyes on COLUMBINE. Then, sighing deeply, he goes out.*]

FIDDLER [*watching them out of sight; then turning with a comical little shrug*]: That was easy! [*To the three on the stage.*] But you—I fear you will have to settle things for yourselves. Love is something I never dabble in, nor meddle with!

[*He sits on the parapet, looking far off, as if he were not interested in them at all. PIERROT stands at the front of the stage, mute, bowed, despairing.*]

\* Tune: "Put Down Six and Carry Two" as before.

COLUMBINE *crouches at the edge of the platform, with HARLEQUIN beside her. HARLEQUIN looks down at her for a moment with a tender smile. He bends over her protectingly. Then, as she raises her head, he pleads with her wordlessly, imploring her love. At first, COLUMBINE only shakes her head, gently. HARLEQUIN persists. He grows more ardent. He tries to show her what a splendid fellow he is. COLUMBINE spurns him. When he draws near, she flies from him. HARLEQUIN pursues her. PIERROT, raising his head, sees HARLEQUIN about to embrace COLUMBINE, who is shrinking from his arms. PIERROT starts forward. COLUMBINE stretches out her hands to him. HARLEQUIN draws back. PIERROT holds out his arms, and COLUMBINE flies to him. HARLEQUIN turns away in anguish.*]

FIDDLER [*rising and coming forward, chuckling*]: Well, that was easy, too! [*To HARLEQUIN.*] And you, poor dreamer of vain dreams, have failed! [*To the lovers.*] Now suppose you tell me why you are here!

COLUMBINE: We are orphans!

PIERROT: And we are poor!

COLUMBINE: But we love each other!

PIERROT: So we came to the Foot of the Rainbow, for Columbine's godmother told her the way—

COLUMBINE: To get the pot of gold—

PIERROT: As a dowry for Columbine—

COLUMBINE: So that we might be married!

FIDDLER: Poor lovers! Poor foolish lovers! Poor foolish mortals! There is no gold—not any more! I gave it all to the first pair of lovers who came seeking it, and they used it all up living happily ever after.

COLUMBINE: }  
 PIERROT: } No gold!  
 HARLEQUIN: }

[*There are angry murmurs without.*]

HARLEQUIN [*springing forward*]: No gold? Then why did you tell the pirates—

FIDDLER: To give you time! You'd better go!

[*The PIRATES draw nearer, shouting angrily.*]

FIDDLER [*shaking his head*]: Too late! Here they are!

[*He moves back to the right.*]

[*The SECOND-IN-COMMAND, followed by the Bo's'n and the rest of the PIRATES, bursts in. TWINKLETOES and SOSO and the LITTLE PIERROTS bring up the rear. TWINKLETOES and SOSO join the FIDDLER. The LITTLE PIERROTS stand at the back, at either side of the platform.*]

PIRATES: Harlequin! Traitor! Deceiver! There is no gold!

[*They seize HARLEQUIN and shake him roughly. Two of the fiercest lay hold of his arms and twist them brutally. One of the crew produces a rope and they bind him. There is great confusion on the stage.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Silence! [*To PIERROT.*] You are free!

PIERROT [*bitterly*]: Yes, free! Free to begin again! To start a new search for gold!

COLUMBINE: Let us go back to the earth, Pierrot. Let us go on together, for if only we are together we shall find happiness!

PIRATES: Yes, let them go! Let them go before the Captain comes! Get rid of that girl! But Harlequin shall suffer!

[COLUMBINE and PIERROT start off, preceded by the LITTLE PIERROTS. Then at the parapet, COLUMBINE turns to look back compassionately at HARLEQUIN, who is standing bound in the midst of the PIRATES. With a gesture, the FIDDLER stops the lovers.]

FIDDLER: Perhaps you think I'm very foolish, because I am so very old—ages and eons old—and yet so very young, young enough to believe in fairies and in witchery and in love!

FAT PIRATE: Slippery eels! The fellow's raving!

[TWINKLETOES makes a face at the FAT PIRATE.]

FIDDLER: Hush! [*The PIRATES squirm uneasily under his look. To the lovers.*] Don't go back to the earth for your dowry! Earthly gold is dross, and only gold that has been sweetened by the rainbow's light can bring you happiness.

COLUMBINE: But you have just told us there is no gold!

FIDDLER: Wait! [*Turning to the PIRATES.*] I don't have to ask why you are here. You are seeking not merely gold, but the joy of high adventure, of the good old days, when the "Gypsy Jane" sailed unknown seas and touched at forgotten ports!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*touching his forehead in a salute; awed*]: Aye, aye, sir!

ANOTHER PIRATE: Jumping jellyfish! He's a wizard!

FIDDLER: Lately you've been in trouble! I don't have to ask, you see! I know by magic!

TWINKLETOES [*with a mock solemn face, tracing mysterious signs in the air and speaking in a hollow voice*]: Abracadabra, hoodoo voodoo, mumbo jumbo, fee faw fum!

FIDDLER: Twinkletoes here told me that you have been searching for years for some one.

[TWINKLETOES *nods solemnly*; the PIRATES *stare round-cyed.*]

FIDDLER: And Soso whispered it was a woman!

SOSO: I did n—

TWINKLETOES [*nudging her*]: Hush!

FIDDLER [*to the PIRATES*]: Am I right?

[*They nod, still staring blankly.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: But—

FIDDLER: Oh, I know all about your Captain and the ward he's been seeking all these years though he has no idea of her name or her face or her station—only that her voice is like bells ringing when one is happiest. Listen!

[COLUMBINE and PIERROT, *standing together at the parapet, have forgotten all the others, and COLUMBINE is singing softly PIERROT's song.\* The PIRATES listen, startled and amazed.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: That's her! That's the Captain's ward! As sure as I'm a seafaring man, it's her! The voice tells it for certain!

[*He starts forward.*]

FIDDLER [*stopping him*]: Oh, that's no proof! Any child's voice is like that, and any woman's, when she is in love and happy! But I've a bit of a tip for you, only it has its price.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Name it!

FIDDLER [*indicating HARLEQUIN*]: His freedom!

[*Soso heaves a sigh of relief.*]

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*after one sinister look at HARLEQUIN*]: Well, if it's worth it! Go on!

\* Tune: "Can It Be Love at Last?" from *Fiddlers Three*. New York: Witmark.



FIDDLER [*stepping to the center of the stage, with the PIRATES in two groups, at the left and at the right*]:

Over the world and over the world \*  
 And over the world away  
 Columbine came to the Land of the Rainbow  
 To carry our gold away.

TWINKLETOES [*throatily*]: He! He!

FIDDLER:

But her journey was all in vain,  
 For gold we have none to spare.  
 So she is starting back

[*With a gesture to indicate the earth.*]

To seek for a dowry there.

[*Soso shakes her head.*]

FIDDLER:

Now you have gold and you seek a maid  
 For whom you hold gold in fee.  
 Columbine might be the girl that you seek,  
 The ward Captain Peg would see!

TWINKLETOES [*chuckling*]: He! He!

FIDDLER [*speaking*]: Now here's a suggestion from me!

[*He sings again.*]

FIDDLER:

Tell him this is the maid that he seeks,  
 For that might be true, you know,  
 Since Columbine is an orphan child  
 Whose parents died long ago!

PIRATES AT LEFT [*to the others*]:

Yes, that might be true, you know!  
 And what matter if 'tis not true?

\* Tune: "Old King Cole" from *The House That Jack Built* (pp. 62-63), by Jessie L. Gaynor. Chicago: Clayton F. Summy Co.

PIRATES AT RIGHT:

Yes, that might be true, you know!  
And what matter if 'tis not true?

PIRATES AT LEFT:

For Columbine is an orphan child  
Whose parents died long ago!

PIRATES AT RIGHT:

Yes, Columbine is an orphan child  
Whose parents died long ago!

FIDDLER [*turning with a mocking bow to the* SECOND-IN-COMMAND]: Take my advice! Present her to the Captain as his ward!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*tempted, but troubled*]: But the proof! He'll want proof!

CREW: Yes, that's so! It's too bad! He'll want proof!

FIDDLER: Proof, eh! Well, listen! The Captain's ward is an orphan.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Yes-s. [*The crew nod.*]

FIDDLER: Her parents are dead.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Yes, that's so!

[*The crew nod again.*]

FIDDLER: She's old enough to get married.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Must be! All of that! Seventeen, if she's a day.

CREW: Aye! Aye!

FIDDLER: But she has no dowry.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: No, that's a fact! She has no dowry. We've got it!

CREW: Aye, plague take it!

FIDDLER: Well, Columbine is an orphan.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: That's true, too!

FAT PIRATE: Sure enough!

FIDDLER: Her parents are dead.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: You don't say!

[*The PIRATES scratch their heads.*]

FIDDLER: She's old enough to get married!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: By the finny fishes! This is deep!

FIDDLER: And she has no dowry!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: We-ell—

THE PIRATES: We-ell—

FIDDLER: Therefore, since the Captain's ward is an orphan whose parents are dead, and who's old enough to get married, and who hasn't any dowry, the Captain's ward and Columbine must be one and the same. Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Q.E.D.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND: Spouting behemoths! They must be one and the same!

[*He hurries over to COLUMBINE and consults with her pompously.*]

PIRATES [*joyously*]:

Yo ho for the Fiddler old and gray!\*

And yo! ho! ho! his proof so clear!

This will bring a smile to the Captain's face

That's been sad for many a year!

Yo ho for the ward who's found at last

And yo! ho! ho! her dowry too!

For the good old days and the wide sea ways

And the jolly things we're free to do!

[*During the song they loose HARLEQUIN's bonds. As the song ends, the CAPTAIN hurries in from the left, followed by the DOCTOR and the two PIRATES with the treasure chest. The CAPTAIN pauses in the*

\* Tune: "Robbers' March," from *Chu Chin Chow*.

*center of the stage and looks about at his men in angry amazement.]*

CAPTAIN [*in the hollow tone of one who has been long silent*]: Explain!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*leading COLUMBINE forward*]: Captain, behold your ward! Columbine, behold your dowry! [*He points to the treasure chest.*]

CAPTAIN: The proof?

SECOND-IN-COMMAND [*trying frantically to remember; stammering*]: Well, Columbine is an orphan—and your ward—is—old enough to get married, and your ward's parents are dead and Columbine hasn't any—any dowry—and—and neither has your ward and—and therefore—therefore, things minus the same thing are equal to each other. E.T.C.

CAPTAIN [*savagely*]: That's—proof? You call that proof!

[*The SECOND-IN-COMMAND falls back. COLUMBINE edges away to PIERROT'S side. Soso is almost in tears. The crew look at one another in despair.*]

DOCTOR [*watching the CAPTAIN; to the nearest PIRATE*]: He's feverish!

FIDDLER [*coming forward swiftly; to the CAPTAIN*]: Let me tell you something! I knew the parents of the ward you seek. They came to me, just as these lovers come, in search of gold. I sent them back content, not empty-handed. Tell me, have you ever examined the treasure in that chest?

CAPTAIN [*hollowly*]: Of course not! I'm an honorable pirate!

FIDDLER: Ah! That explains it! [*To a PIRATE.*] Open the chest!

[*The PIRATE obeys. COLUMBINE and PIERROT bend over the treasure.*]

COLUMBINE: Oh, see! see! see, Pierrot! It is gold, wonderful gold, fairy gold, our gold of happiness!

CAPTAIN [*incredulous*]: That voice! Like bells ringing when one is happiest!

FIDDLER [*taking from the chest a heart-shaped card; reading*]: "To Columbine, our daughter, we send with love these golden treasures we have found upon life's way—high, noble courage and a singing heart."

[*The CAPTAIN starts back in surprise; then slowly a beatific smile spreads over his face.*]

DOCTOR [*pointing him out; impressively*]: I have the pleasure of announcing that I have cured your Captain of a severe—nay, I might say an almost fatal case of melancholia!

SECOND-IN-COMMAND AND CREW: *He cured him! Ha! Ha! Ha! He!*

[*They break into their song, "Yo ho for the bloody buccaneers!"\* The CAPTAIN capers about in a wildly exultant dance. The DOCTOR looks on with his nose in the air and his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. COLUMBINE and PIERROT stand together beside the treasure chest, holding hands and gazing raptly at one another. The FIDDLER is watching them with a kindly smile. SOSO is rapturously contemplating the lovers, but TWINKLETOES sits on the platform's edge surveying the scene with a disgusted frown. The LITTLE PIERROTS are still standing back near the parapet.*]

\* Tune: "Robbers' March" (chorus) from *Chu Chin Chow*. Words of song on previous page.

HARLEQUIN *glides across the platform unnoticed, turns to look back once more longingly at COLUMBINE, and slowly disappears down the stairway just as—*

THE CURTAINS CLOSE

## A TALE FROM INDIA

*A Masque*

—BY—

FLORENCE BRADLEY MOORE

A description of the scenery, costumes, timing, properties, and staging in general of the play will be found at the end of the volume.

At a true masque the audience should be in costume and join in the dance at the close of the play.

## THE CAST

THE JACKAL (really a Rajah in disguise)

A BARBER

THE BARBER'S WIFE

THE BARBER'S DAUGHTER, a dancing girl

THE KNIFE

THE BRAHMIN

THE BRAHMIN'S THREE DAUGHTERS

THE JEWELER

A WANDERING PRINCE

THE STICK

THE JACKAL'S ANIMAL FRIENDS (Dog, Cat, Wolf, Lion, Tiger, Camel, etc.)





*The Barber*



*The Jackal*



*The Brahmin*

## A TALE FROM INDIA

As the curtain rises \* the Jackal is seated on a stool, and the Barber is brushing down and smoothing the Jackal's coat of hair.

**THE JACKAL:** It has been many years since I started coming to you to have my coat cleaned, hasn't it, Barber? Strange have been the sights we have seen and the stories we have heard on the street.

**THE BARBER:** Yes! Do you remember the tale the beautiful Ranee told us when she came and asked my wife to hide the Black Cobra's great diamond?

**THE JACKAL:** And the story of the beautiful parrot! Those have been the best ones we have heard. I met a gardener this morning, and he said that he would tell me

\* Music played before curtain rises and while Barber is at work: "East Indian Song," *Character Songs and Dances of All Nations* (p. 242), by James D. Brown. Baylis & Ferguson, Publishers.

a wonderful story that he had learned, just as soon as he could stop his work for a moment. He was hurrying away to look at his cucumber bed.

THE BARBER: How I should like to taste a cucumber—or a purple plum!

THE JACKAL: Or look upon a yellow pumpkin. If I had that diamond now, I should take it to the jeweler, and with the money he would give me I should buy a garden.

THE BARBER: We have been great friends, you and I. Let us become partners. I will give you the money, and you will buy a garden. You must look after it, and when the fruit is ripe, we will divide it.

THE JACKAL: That is a fine idea! I will go right now if you will give me your sack of gold, to buy a garden. I know where there is a patch full of many plants, nearly ready to blossom. How proud we shall be! I shall say to my friends, this is my garden; you may come in, but you must not taste.

THE BARBER: Just think, my good wife will have all the spring onions she can eat, and melons, every day. Here is the gold! [*He takes a bag from his sash.*] Go now! Quick!

[*The JACKAL takes the bag of gold and runs off.*

*The BARBER goes into his house.*

*The stage grows darker. It is night. Music begins,\* and the JACKAL enters cautiously. He beckons to the right and left. The animals enter, some carrying fruit. Others gather fruit from the garden the JACKAL planted. The JACKAL pantomimes, telling them to take all they want and en-*

\* Music: "The Hindoo Child," *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations* (p. 241), by James D. Brown.

joy themselves. They perform a clumsy dance. They pull each other's tails, turn somersaults, and perform other amusing antics. After a time, they joyously dance off as the light of dawn approaches. The JACKAL waves good-by to them. Enter the BARBER.]

THE BARBER: Hello, good friend. Is the fruit beginning to ripen in our new garden?

THE JACKAL: No, no, you must wait. The cucumbers are just beginning to show their little heads. Go back to your work, and I shall soon tell you to come and see what a feast we may have.

[The BARBER exits. Again the JACKAL beckons. This time his animal friends enter, carrying baskets and trays heaped with fruits and vegetables they have taken from the BARBER'S garden. Each one does a little solo dance.\* They join toward the end in a more lively and spirited manner than they did when we first saw them. The BARBER, meanwhile, has entered and watched the proceedings in great surprise. He exits, and after the JACKAL and his friends have danced off he enters, leading the KNIFE.]

THE BARBER [speaking as the KNIFE dances]: Ha, ha, little knife. You and I will teach that Jackal a lesson. He thought that he could deceive me, but he will pay for his lies and trickery. Dance all you wish, and when you hear the Jackal coming, hide behind this large cucumber. When he tries to steal it, leap out and you can catch him.

[The BARBER exits. The KNIFE does a grotesque

\* Music: "Ein Fest in Bankok," by Leo Norden. Opus 28, No. 4.



Knife

*dance.\* In the middle of it he stops, listens intently, then runs behind the screen, and peeks out at the point where the large cucumber is painted, close to the edge. The JACKAL enters and approaches the screen. He is about to pick the cucumber when the KNIFE leaps out and chases him. The JACKAL falls, gets up, and runs out, followed by the KNIFE.*

*Enter the BRAHMIN, wearily. He leans upon a long stick. His three daughters come from the house.]*

THE FIRST DAUGHTER [*the eldest*]: You are weary,

\* Music: "Hopak," by Moussorgsky (for piano). Boston Music Co., or G. Schirmer, New York.

father. Have you had any luck? What did the small chattee of butter sell for? Did it bring a good price?

THE BRAHMIN: Alas, no—a good woman bought it, but she could give me only one rupee. That will buy enough food to feed us until to-morrow. Oh, my beautiful daughters, what can I do to keep you from starving?

THE SECOND DAUGHTER: Nay, nay, good father, do not despair, you are very weary. Perhaps, some kind spirit will come.

THE THIRD DAUGHTER: Yes, yes, perhaps a young Rajah may come, and marry our lovely sister.

THE BRAHMIN: Nay, nay, no good fortune can ever come our way. Why, we are so poor that none but a jackal would look with favor upon us. If one would come along I should give him my oldest daughter if he but ask for her.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER: No, no, father! Come now, we shall cook the rice, and after you have had your meal you will feel better.

[*She takes the package from the BRAHMIN, and the three sisters go back into the house. Enter the JACKAL, carrying a huge melon.*]

THE BRAHMIN [*to himself*]: Unlucky am I. Yes, yes! if even a jackal should ask for my daughter I should let her go. She at least would have food then!

THE JACKAL: Good day, Master Brahmin! Did I hear you say that you would give your daughter even to a jackal if he but asked for her? You must be in trouble to speak such things as that.

THE BRAHMIN: I am discouraged. I can find no work or food, so I fear we shall starve. Yes, I meant what I said.

THE JACKAL: Is this daughter of yours beautiful, and can she cook?

THE BRAHMIN: She is as beautiful as a summer's night and can cook a curry that would be fit for the Great Rajah of Bengal.

THE JACKAL: Then, this is a bargain. I will take your daughter and she can cook for me.

THE BRAHMIN: Very well, you may have my daughter, but be sure you treat her well or it will be the worse for you. [*Speaking into the house.*] Come! Children! The Jackal is here, and wishes my eldest daughter to go with him and be his cook. If she takes care of him, he will treat her well.

THE JACKAL: You can trust her to me. As a present, here is a fine melon. Plant it and tend it carefully. It will bring you good fortune.

[*Meanwhile, the daughters have entered. The eldest one happily greets the JACKAL. The two dance around the BRAHMIN.\* He has a daughter on each side of him. Center stage, the three stand admiring the melon which the BRAHMIN holds. The JACKAL exits dancing out with the eldest daughter,\* waving farewell to the BRAHMIN and the two other daughters.*]

THE BRAHMIN: Now, let us do as the Jackal said, and plant the melon.

[*They kneel before the house and place the melon on the ground. After having concealed it they rise.*]

THE BRAHMIN: There, it is covered. Let us go in to our rice meal. By evening perhaps, the melon will have grown.

\* Music: "Son of the Serpent Charmer," in *Three Songs of the East*, by Percy Whitehead. New York: Boosey & Co.



*Brahmin's Daughter*

*[They start in. The melon vine slowly grows up.  
On it are four or five large melons.]*

THE SECOND DAUGHTER: Oh! look, look, father, the vine is magic. Such beautiful melons! Look! Look!

*[The BRAHMIN and his daughters become excited.  
Enter from the BARBER'S house, the BARBER'S  
WIFE and DAUGHTER, the DANCING GIRL.]*

THE DANCING GIRL: Look, mother, such wonderful melons, our neighbor has grown.

THE BARBER'S WIFE: Yes, what will you take, good Brahmin, for these melons?

THE BRAHMIN: Why—two annas.

THE BARBER'S WIFE: 'Tis done, I shall take them all.

*[They exchange the money for the melons, which the daughters have picked from the vine.]*

THE BRAHMIN: Thank you, good neighbor. Come, children, we will celebrate, and have our noon-day meal at the pomegranate vendor's shop down the street.

[*The three exit. The BARBER'S WIFE carries the tray of melons across the stage. One rolls off and falls*



*The Dancing Girl*



*The Barber's Wife*

*to the ground. It bursts open and jewels are seen to pour forth.]*

THE BARBER'S WIFE: Oh, ah, one has fallen and broken. They are filled with jewels! I knew they were wonderful melons when I saw them!

THE DANCING GIRL [*picking up the strings of beads and precious stones*]: How clever we were to cheat the old man! Now I shall never have to dance for money, but I can always dance for joy. Look! Look!



[*She dances,\* the mother opening one melon after another. At the end, the dancing girl dances into the house, heavily loaded down with strings of jewels, rings, bracelets, and anklets, which she has put on during her dance. The mother gathers up the melon husks and follows her daughter into the house. One small melon has dropped out of her hands and she has left it behind. Enter the BRAHMIN and his two daughters.*]

THE THIRD DAUGHTER [*running over to the vine*]: Little vine, you have been very good to us. The money from the Barber's wife brought us a fine meal. There were many annas in place of your few melons.

THE SECOND DAUGHTER: I wish that just one melon had been left. We could then have a fine dessert for our feast. Can't we find just one?

THE THIRD DAUGHTER: Maybe! [*Searching around.*] Here is a little one, perhaps it is good. [*She opens it.*] Oh, oh! there is a beautiful green stone in it. Father, look! [*The BRAHMIN and the other daughter crowd around.*]

THE BRAHMIN: Let me see! . . . But, do you think that the large melons were filled with jewels, too? Again, I am unfortunate. I fear we have been cheated.

[*The BARBER'S WIFE and DAUGHTER run out as if surprised.*]

THE BARBER'S WIFE: Neighbor, what has happened?

THE BRAHMIN: Good wife, the other melons I sold you must have held many jewels like this one, see. You have cheated us! I wish my melons back!

THE BARBER'S WIFE: How, good man? I paid you your

\* Music: "Nautch Dance," by Bainbridge Crist. New York: Carl Fisher Co.

price! The melons were good like any other melons. As for having jewels, we found none. They were quite empty.

[*She exits with her daughter.*]

THE SECOND DAUGHTER: I know she has cheated us. I think she lies.

THE THIRD DAUGHTER: Here comes the jeweler. Let us show the emerald to him. He may give us some money for it.

[*Enter the JEWELER.*]

THE BRAHMIN: Can you stop, good jeweler, and look upon an emerald I have found in the white heart of a melon?

[*He gives him the stone.*]

THE JEWELER [*examining the jewel*]: To be sure! It is a wonderful one. I do not think you found it. It has been stolen. Come, you shall go with me to the town court. [*He puts the jewel in his sash and pushes the BRAHMIN off.*] Now, be off with you!

[*Follows him.*]

THE SECOND DAUGHTER: Oh, our father! Now, what shall we do?

[*The BRAHMIN reënters.*]

THE BRAHMIN: Woe, woe! The wicked jeweler said he would let me go free if I gave him the jewel, so I did and then came back to you. Now all our riches are gone. I shall have to go to the Jackal and ask him what we should do.

[*Enter the JACKAL carrying a chattee—a covered earthenware jug.*]

THE JACKAL: It is as I suspected. You have wasted my gift. Out of pity for your foolishness here is another present. A magic chattee. When you lift the lid, you will find it always full of a wonderful curry, no matter how much you take out of it.

THE BRAHMIN: You are very kind. I shall be very careful of it. Hide the chattee in the house until we need to

make a meal. [*The girls exit with the chattee.*] And now, how is my eldest daughter?

THE JACKAL: More beautiful than ever and she cooks food fit for gods. It will soon be time for supper and I must return to her. Good-by. [*Leaves.*]

THE BRAHMIN: Thank you. Thank you.

[*THE WANDERING PRINCE enters.*]

THE PRINCE: What has happened, good Brahmin? You are very much happier than when I last passed by a summer ago.

THE BRAHMIN: Great Prince! Good luck has come to me! The Jackal that took my eldest daughter away to cook for him, brought me a magic chattee. It is always full of steaming curry and rice, no matter how much you take from it.

THE PRINCE: I would like to see the wonderful chattee. I think you tell me a false tale.

THE BRAHMIN: Ah! if you will but sit at my humble table, I will show you my treasure. Daughters, bring back the dish and we shall see its wonders.

[*Enter the girls with chattee.*]

THE PRINCE [*he lifts the cover and looks in; steam escapes; he puts the cover on again*]: It is as you say, I shall take it.

THE BRAHMIN: No, no, noble Prince! You leave me nothing now!

[*PRINCE takes the chattee and exits with it.*]

THE SECOND DAUGHTER: Dear father, again we have lost our gift. It is dusk. Let us go into the house to rest.

THE BRAHMIN: Daughter, you are right, I am tired. To-morrow we will go again to the Jackal.

[*They enter the house.*]

*The Jeweler**The Prince*

[*The JACKAL and the FIRST DAUGHTER enter.*]

THE FIRST DAUGHTER: Now, we shall say good-by for a time. You have been kind to me. I thank you for letting me come to-night to sleep with my two sisters. It seems a long time since I last saw them. It is so good to see my old home again.

THE JACKAL: Yes, rest here to-night. In the morning we must go back to our cave! We must not be away too long.

THE FIRST DAUGHTER: I am grateful. Good night!

[*Exits into the house.*]

THE JACKAL: I wonder if, to-night, I could dip my coat in the near-by spring. The moon is about to rise. The time has come when I must remove my coat and wash and dry it. They are all soundly sleeping—I think it would be safe. After I have dipped it in the pool, I'll hang it on the melon vine to dry.

[*He exits.*]

[*Music.\* The moon rises. The JACKAL reënters, a handsome RAJAH in magnificent robes. He carries the JACKAL skin and places it on the melon vine.*]

THE RAJAH: With this light wind blowing, my skin will soon be dry and ready to put on again. I think a walk would be enjoyable to pass the time. The moonlight is very beautiful.

[*He exits. Quietly, the THIRD DAUGHTER comes out of the house. She discovers the skin on the melon vine.*]

THE THIRD DAUGHTER: What is this? An old skin on our precious melon vine! I knew some one was out here. I feared for you, dear melon vine. Old skin, you shall go into the fire pot. The glowing coals will burn you to a cinder.

[*She exits into the house again, carrying the skin. The RAJAH reënters.*]

THE RAJAH [*looking about*]: Strange! I'm sure I left it on the melon vine. What has happened to it? I believe some one has stolen it.

[*The daughters, arm in arm, come out dancing.†*]

THE RAJAH [*stepping forward from back center stage and bowing*]: Did any one see an old skin hanging on the melon vine to dry?

THE SECOND DAUGHTER: Who may this be?

THE FIRST DAUGHTER: Is he not wonderful to look upon?

THE THIRD DAUGHTER: Yes, good stranger, most noble Rajah, I found the skin and took it to the fire. I burned it. Such a thing to have on the melon vine!

\* Music: "Vac," from *Hymns from the Riga Veda*, by Gustav Holst, published by J. W. Chester. Schirmer.

† Music: "Hindu Dance," by Bainbridge Crist. New York: Carl Fisher Co.

THE RAJAH: That means that now I no longer have to wear my jackal's skin, so, most beautiful maiden [*approaching the ELDEST DAUGHTER*], I want you to become my wife, not my cook. We will return to our palace, for I am in truth a great Rajah. I had the power given to me to change my skin. I have played pranks long enough, and now I wish to return to my kingdom with you as my beautiful Ranee. [*She puts her hand in his.*] As a parting gift for you [*the BRAHMIN has entered toward the last part of the speech*], I have brought another chattee here.

[*He claps his hands. Two of his animal friends push in a large chattee or box. The RAJAH opens it and takes out a small boy, the STICK. The animals carry out the chattee.*]

THE RAJAH:

Black Stick, beat the Barber's wife  
Not cruelly but gently, quick  
Make the Dancing Girl, her daughter  
Give back the jewels, O little stick.

Seek out the jeweler in his shop  
Who stole the emerald so clear.  
Rap with thy stick the Wandering Prince  
And all, with what they stole, bring here.

[*The STICK dances\* in and out among the screens, beating in time, while the RAJAH recites his lines. Each one brings what he or she has stolen. The animals carry their fruits and baskets. The DANCING GIRL pours forth at the BRAHMIN'S feet the*

\* Music: "Amiñas Song," *Folk Songs of Many Peoples* (p. 415), edited by Botsford. Published by Women's Press. Schirmer's.

*jewels from a vase. The JEWELER has the emerald. The WANDERING PRINCE brings the chattee. In the midst of this, the RAJAH speaks.]*



*Walking Stick*

THE RAJAH: Stop, little Stick! [*The STICK stops and they all bow to the RAJAH.*] Rise, every one. Give back to the old Brahmin what you have stolen, and join with us in a dance, for I am to take the Brahmin's beautiful daughter to be my Rancee. Let us celebrate the event and live honestly ever after.

[*They all dance \* out into the audience (provided the latter is in costume), pick out partners, and all engage in the lively finale.*]

\* Music: "Nautch Dance," by Crist.





# MERRY TYLL

—BY—

M. JAGENDORF

A description of the scenery, costumes, timing, properties, and staging in general of the play will be found at the end of the volume.

## THOSE WHO ARE IN THE PLAY

MARGUERITE, who sells toys

TYLL ULENSPIEGEL, a merry prankster

NELE, who loves Tyll

GILES, who sells apples and gingerbread

LOUIS, a boy

KATHELINE, a girl

SISKA, her sister

YAN, a soldier

JOSEPHUS, a scholar

COUNT HUGO

EGMONT, his friend

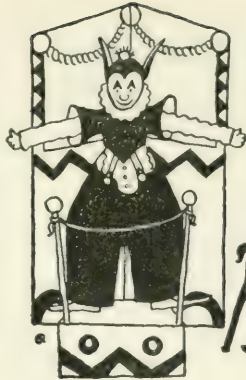
FRANÇOIS

PIERRE

Boys, girls, monks, nuns, poor and rich people, soldiers, etc.



*Marguerite*



*Tyll*



*Giles*

## MERRY TYLL

A market scene in the town of Bruges late in the afternoon. There are but few people on the stage, for apparently there is some big attraction that is keeping them in another part of the square. Every now and then handclapping is heard off stage and shouts of "Hurrah!"

Three booths can be seen by the audience; one in the center of the stage, and one on each side.

The first, to the right, is occupied by Marguerite, a young girl who sells toys and dolls. She sits in front of her booth. Next to her is the basket in which lie all sorts of toys. In the center of the stage is Tyll's booth, which looks somewhat like a marionette theater. Halfway down is a little curtain. In front of his stand is a big square box,\* to keep the audience from getting too close to him. Tyll and Nele sit quietly in front of the box holding hands. To the left is Giles's booth. Giles is sitting in front with a basketful of apples and gingerbread. Giles has only one eye, having lost the other when but a child; a stick lying in

\* Or barrel.

front of him indicates that he limps as well. He munches an apple.

LOUIS [*running in out of breath*]: Where are they? Where are they?

GILES: Apples! Here are fine apples. Red apples! Oh, what ginger cakes—all covered with sweet honey! Buy an apple and a ginger cake and eat them together. It's Paradise food! Paradise food!

[*He pauses at intervals and thumps the ground with his stick.*]

*Enter KATHELINE and SISKA. KATHELINE is pulling her sister by the hand, for SISKA is much younger and cannot walk so fast.*]

KATHELINE: Faster, Siska, faster, or we'll miss the play of the clowns.

SISKA [*almost weeping*]: I cannot, sister; I cannot run any faster.

MARGUERITE: Here, little girls, here are fine carved toys. Toys fit for little princesses. Dolls that can dance and horses that can prance. Come, buy a lovely doll.

KATHELINE [*stopping*]: I like your toys, but I want to see the clowns.

[*Shouts and laughter are heard from outside. The two children run out.*]

MARGUERITE: I wish the clowns were a thousand leagues from here. I've hardly sold a doll all afternoon.

TYLL [*laughing full-throatedly*]: If you had you'd have one lovely doll less. Oh, wouldn't she, Nele?

[*NELE moves closer to him and does not answer.*]

MARGUERITE: A pox on your jesting! I'm tired of it.

GILES: Nay, say not that, Marguerite. 'Tis not Tyll's

fault that we don't sell our wares. 'Twould be much worse without his merry, merry wit.

TYLL: Nele.

NELE: Ay, Tyll.



Nele

TYLL: See, there is some one coming. [*He points to the left. She turns around, and he kisses her quickly on the opposite cheek.*]

NELE [*blushing*]: Tyll—some one might look.

TYLL: And what if they did? [*Still laughing.*] I love you, and I fear not if any one knows it. Hey, Giles, you know I love Nele.

GILES [*laughing*]: I know full well.

TYLL: Look, sweet Nele, he knows I love you and he lives nathless.

[*A great shout and handclapping are heard from*

*the crowd without. Many children and a few grown-ups come in, in groups, talking. NELE quickly jumps up. TYLL does the same, getting behind the box in front of the curtain. MARGUERITE pushes her basket forward.]*

TYLL [*in singsong voice*]: Come little, come big. Come one and all. Come hither and have your fortunes told. Come here and learn your past, present, and future.

MARGUERITE: Toys! Fine toys! Lovely dolls!

GILES: Apples! Gingerbreads shaped like Saints and sweet as their deeds.

VOICES IN THE CROWD: That was a rare sight. Did you see the bear? The clowns flying through the air! And the gypsies dancing! I wish they'd do it again. I never saw the like.

GILES: Here are wonders! Fine apples!

MARGUERITE: Princess' toys! Countess' toys! Knights' horses that prance; toys that dance.

FROM THE CROWD: I'd give a deal to know how these clowns can do such marvelous tricks. 'Twas the strangest sight I ever saw.

TYLL: Not as strange as what I have to show you. [*Drawing the curtain and displaying an empty straw frame hanging on a string*]. Look at this straw frame. Here, come here. Here in this selfsame frame you'll see the most marvelous show on earth. Here you can see your true selves. As you were, as you will be. One penny; only a single penny and you can learn your future! I'll teach you how to gain good fortune!

GILES: Aye, that he can, Tyll Ulenspiegel.

TYLL: True—all that for one penny. Come here all. Come learn your weal—learn your woe. Come, come . . .

[*The crowd has gathered around the box. A SOLDIER pushes forward from the crowd.*]

SOLDIER YAN: Come, you with the ass's ears, tell me my fortune.

TYLL: That I will right gladly, bloated iron-eater. But first a penny.

ONE IN THE CROWD: First pay.

SOLDIER YAN [*throwing down a coin*]: Here, loud blabbermouth, and woe betide you if you don't give me a good fortune.

TYLL: That I will, sword swallower. Come closer to the box so I can look at you. Here's your fortune.

[*He jumps behind the screen, bends down and rummages for a moment underneath, and brings up a platter in which are bits of meat and moldy bread. He sticks the platter through the straw frame.*]

SOLDIER YAN: Quick, speak up.

TYLL: You'll learn soon enough, great conqueror of valiant men, what's in store for you. Look, here is your fortune. See this platter which is set in my strawen frame. You'll see therein bits of rotting meat and moldy bread crumbs. That, Master Soldier, will be your fortune to come. Great wars will make mincemeat of your muscles and moldy green crust of your brains. 'Twas well worth a penny to learn this future, wasn't it, soldier? Pay more and I'll tell you more.

SOLDIER YAN [*in a fury*]: Pay more, you scurvy imp? I've a good mind to hack you to pieces.

TYLL: Oho, great warrior! 'Tis not necessary to show your valor against me. [*To the crowd.*] What say you, good friends?

THE CROWD [*jeering*]: Fie! I'd be ashamed to hit a

little fellow. Look at the hero! It's a poor man who can't stand the truth from merry Tyll.

[*The SOLDIER goes off quickly, cursing.*]

NELE: Tyll, Tyll, have a care for my sake. The next might carry out his threat.

TYLL: I fear no man or beast, leastways a braggart.



*Count Hugo*



*Soldier Yan*

[*Enter COUNT HUGO and his friend EGMONT. They are, of course, dressed much finer than those present, and each carries a sword.*]

COUNT HUGO: And what have we here?

TYLL: Who is next? Who is the next to learn their fortune? Come. All for but a single penny. Ah, there I see a most scholarly face, I am certain, scholar, you'd like to learn if you'll be a great clerk or counselor some



day? Ho, there with the owl's face. I'll tell you such fortune as was never told before.

[*The tall thin scholarly-looking boy is not over-anxious to come up, but the crowd jostles him right to the box.*]

FROM THE CROWD: Tell him a scholarly fortune, Tyll. He has a face from which I am certain any fortune would run.

TYLL: I'll stop it from running, and bring it right to him for but a single penny.

FROM THE CROWD: Come, out with your penny, Horned Spectacles. Don't be a miser. Match your wits against his, Tyll. He'll tell you a great fortune.

TYLL: That I will. Now a penny.

[*The crowd mills around the SCHOLAR, urging him ahead. He is very reluctant and moves only when pushed.\**]

FROM THE CROWD: Ho there, go on. He needs crutches. Perhaps, we might call his mother.

COUNT HUGO [*up front to EGMONT, pointing to NELE*]: What a comely lass, Egmont—and far too fine for that clown with the ass's ears. I like her.

JOSEPHUS: Leave me alone!

EGMONT: Her eyes are glued on the clown.

FROM THE CROWD: He should wear petticoats. It'll do him good to learn his fortune.

COUNT HUGO: In a moment she'll look at me.

EGMONT: How?

COUNT HUGO: I'll kiss her.

JOSEPHUS: I say, let go of me. I want nothing with that mountebank.

\* The director will be able to time this scene properly without any difficulty.

EGMONT: I wager a silver buckle you don't.

COUNT HUGO: The buckle is mine. Watch.

[*The crowd is still all around TYLL, urging the SCHOLAR on. He finally takes out his penny and gives it to TYLL. During the ensuing speech of TYLL'S, COUNT HUGO slowly works his way to where NELE stands.*]

TYLL: Master with the face of knowledgeable importance, would you learn your past, present and future? It's a simple thing. [*He puts his own face inside the frame and commences to cut grimaces.*]

TYLL [*continuing*]: Look, saucer-eyes! My grimaces are the mirror, they tell the dullness and sourness of your mind. Your countenance foretells years of dust and dry parchment. Take care, else you will soon be hid in a dark shelf for centuries to come, even as the documents over which you pore—

[*HUGO has by then come very close to NELE, who is standing aside watching the scene with a somewhat detached look. When he is right next to her, he quickly kisses her. NELE, feeling his lips on her cheeks, screams and gives him a buffet on the nose. TYLL leaps from behind the booth and with one bound is next to NELE.*]

TYLL: Who harmed you, Nele? [*His eyes flash, and the fool's cap has fallen from his forehead.*]

NELE [*pointing to HUGO*]: That fellow there.

HUGO: And what if I did? Since when are peasant wenches so squeamish when a noble deigns to look at them?

TYLL: When dogs snap you kick 'em even if they have

fine fur. You common lout! Where did you steal that dagger? No real noble would so attack a maid. Put up your fists and I'll send you flying to pick your teeth in the gutter.

HUGO: I am a noble and don't fight with common mountebanks.

TYLL: O Messire, I forgot. True you can ill afford to soil your milk face with my good fists. I'd—

EGMONT: Come, let us go, Count Hugo. The air is too full of sweat and garlic.

TYLL: Why so soon, masters? How would you, Messire, like three kisses from her whom you tried to rob of one, eh? Hey there, Nele, you'll give this noble gentleman three kisses—

NELE: That I'll not.

TYLL: Oh, yes, you will!

EGMONT: Come, Count, let us go.

TYLL: Oh, no, don't! If three kisses are not enough, then she'll give each three.

NELE: Tyll, for shame!

FROM THE CROWD: What's the game, Tyll? He is up to some trick.

TYLL: No tricks at all. They can each have three kisses from Nele, for certain; but there is one condition. Listen, noble scions! You'll not fight a clown with sword nor fists—such is the wont and custom. But it is customary for noble to match his wit against clowns. Surely you who have been brought up with fine books of learning will answer three questions which I'll put to you. If either of you succeed you can both have three kisses from this lovely maid.

HUGO [*who is now surrounded by the crowd and finds it difficult to get out*]: What do you mean?

TYLL: You'd not fight me with rapier or fist!

HUGO [*with contempt*]: Nobles don't fight clowns.

TYLL: Quite true, but as I said before, it is the wont and custom for noble to match his wit against jester.

FROM THE CROWD: Aye, such is the custom. Naught has ever been said against that. Take care, Tyll has a clever tongue. He is renowned for the nimbleness of his mind.

EGMONT: Come, Count, let us go.

TYLL: Oh, no! . . . Why go when there is sport on hand? Surely a noble count's son won't run from matching his learned mind against a dull clown. Six kisses if you win, a golden ducat for me if you lose; and all for answering three questions I'll put to you.

NELE: How dare you, Tyll!

[*TYLL silences her with a knowing look.*]

FROM THE CROWD: That's fair. That's fair.

COUNT HUGO: I'll take your challenge.

FROM THE CROWD: Now for a rare spectacle. Come, Tyll, show if you deserve the name for nimble wit.

TYLL: Messire Count, this is our wager. I will give you three questions and if either of you answer them correctly six kisses from Nele; if you fail, I receive a ducat.

NELE: Tyll—

TYLL: Nele, it has not yet come to pass.

HUGO: I am ready.

EGMONT: Perhaps they are questions none can answer.

TYLL: I'll answer each and every one of them.

HUGO: I can answer aught a clown can answer.

TYLL: Welladay. First, Messire Count Hugo, tell me

how many bits of straw are there in this my straw'frame which helps me tell fortunes? [*He holds the frame close to him.*]

HUGO: How am I to know how many straws there are in your dirty straw frame?

TYLL: I know. One thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven.

EGMONT: How do we know you speak the truth?

TYLL: Deny it if you can. If you don't believe me, sit down and count them right here.

FROM THE CROWD [*great commotion*]: Tyll told the truth. Either sit down and count them or take his word for it. That was a clever one.

TYLL: Now, Messire Count, you have a learned master to teach you the great truths of the world, wherefore it should be a simple matter for you to tell me quickly where is the center of the earth.

EGMONT: None knows that.

COUNT HUGO [*sarcastically*]: Perhaps you with the ass's ears can tell that.

TYLL: I can full well. The center of the earth, O noble monument of learning, is right there where you stand. Measure it to the right and to the left and you will see I am telling the truth. I measured it three moons ago.

FROM THE CROWD: Tyll tells the truth. If you don't believe, measure it!

TYLL: Now for the third question. What, O noble fellows, will happen to you this Saturday ten years from to-day?

COUNT HUGO: How am I to know?

TYLL: I know. You'll have a full growth of ass's ears

on your forehead, and instead of talking, you'll bray like a donkey.

FROM THE CROWD [*jubilantly*]: Hurray! Tyll! Tyll has won. None can dispute with him.

TYLL: You have not answered a single question. I did, therefore you owe me a ducat.

EGMONT: They were not fair.

TYLL: I could answer them. Now, my merry little noble fellows, pay.

HUGO [*taking out a gold coin and flinging it to him*]: There is your ducat.

[*From afar the ringing of a church bell is heard.*]

TYLL: There is the bell. Good day, messires. You had best go, or you'll miss your dainty supper. Good cheer to you, and remember, I think I have well proven that the ass's ears on my fool's cap are only sewn, whereas they are commencing to show in full growth on your foreheads.

[*There is laughter from the crowd.*]

HUGO [*full of anger*]: Laugh, lout, laugh! But beware. 'Tis not the last word yet. [*Darkly and slowly.*] I'll return soon enough and pay you back in good coin.

TYLL: Whenever you return, I'll be right ready to receive you in due and proper form. [*With a grand bow.*] Pray let it be right soon.

HUGO: It'll be soon enough.

[*HUGO and EGMONT leave with ugly and threatening expressions on their faces.*]

FROM THE CROWD: Good riddance. Well done, Tyll. 'Twas a fine sight to see you throw the noble off his high perch. You will be a jester some day at a king's court.

[*As they speak they bid him good-by and gradually disappear. Soon only TYLL, NELE, GILES and*

MARGUERITE *are left. MARGUERITE is packing her toys, getting ready to leave. Twilight has set in.*]

NELE: Oh, Tyll, how proud I am of you! Yet I am sore afeard they will do you some harm yet.

TYLL: They can't harm me. I have an iron armor of wit and they can't come nigh it within seven leagues.

MARGUERITE: You had better take care, Tyll. They can't come nigh you with brains, but they can easily reach you with cudgels. Have a care, Tyll. A merry good night to both of you. Ah! but 'twas a fine trick [*laughs*], and clever. Good night.

TYLL: }  
NELE: } Good night, Marguerite. Good night.

NELE: You must be famished, Tyll.

TYLL [*busying himself with putting his things together*]: Nele, you are a greater magician than I am, for you guess real truths. I am so hungry I could eat you and a big meal besides. But I must wait here for father to pass. He is bringing victuals from the mart and I must help him carry them home.

GILES: Here are apples and gingerbread. 'Twas well worth the sport you furnished me. [*He throws them the apples and the gingerbread, which they catch dexterously.*]

TYLL: Come, Nele, everything is now put away securely. Let us sit here and while the time away in a manner I like best until my father comes.

[*They both sit down on the ground against the box which stands in front of the booth. They sit quite close.*]

NELE: Tyll, you are a wild fellow.

TYLL: Would you have me sad and ever silent? [*She*

*does not answer but moves closer to him. It is getting darker.*] So, that is better. Come still closer. [*He puts his arms around her.*]

NELE: Don't, Tyll. Some one might see.

TYLL: All are gone save Giles, and he has but one eye and therefore sees but half of what we are doing.

NELE: Stop mocking. I love Giles even if he has but a single eye.

TYLL: And I do too; wherefore we need not mind him at all. I've heard a new song, Nele. Come still closer, and I'll sing it to you.

Come to me, O come!\*

Let me die, but come!

Hyria hysria nazaza

Trillirivos.

Fair is thy face, O fair!

Fair thine eyes, O how fair!

Hyria hysria nazaza

Trillirivos.

Fair is thy flowing hair!

O fair, how fair, how fair!

Hyria hysria nazaza

Trillirivos.

Fairer than all I vow

Ever my pride art thou

Hyria hysria nazaza

Trillirivos.

\* This is one of the rustic melodies included in John Addington Symonds's collection of medieval songs, *Wine, Woman and Song*, published by McClure, Phillips & Co. Tune: First eight bars "Gilone and Gillette," *Pantomimes for the Children's Theatre* (p. 6). New York: Brentano's.



How like you the song, Nele?

NELE: I love you, Tyll. If only you'd not be ever court-  
ing quarrels. I am sore afeard for you.

[*From afar there is the sounding of a bell.*]

TYLL: It ill becomes a sweetheart of mine to speak of  
fear. Fear! I know not what it is. There is naught in the  
world I fear, not— Sh-h! What's that? Listen! [*Voices  
are heard outside.*] It's Count Hugo. Quick, Nele, they  
are coming this way, and certes for no good reason, Giles!

GILES [*who has dozed off, waking*]: Aye, Tyll.

TYLL: Let Nele sit with you so she can't be seen. I'll  
hide in the box. Use your wits well, if Count Hugo asks  
you about me. Tell him I am gone, but may soon return.

NELE: Tyll—

TYLL: Quick—they are here. Do as I bid.

[*He bustles her over to Giles's booth and she sits  
back in the shadow so that she is not seen. He hides  
in the box which stands in front of the booth.*]

*Enter* COUNT HUGO, EGMONT, and two un-  
kempt-looking fellows, FRANÇOIS and PIERRE.]

FRANÇOIS: We both know Tyll Ulenspiegel well.

PIERRE: Who doesn't? There is his fortune-telling  
booth.

HUGO: That is the place where that lout, that mangy  
clown, plies his trade.

EGMONT: It's him we mean. If you make him look so  
his own mother won't recognize him there is a golden  
ducat for each.

HUGO: He may come back later. Let us ask that one-  
eyed apple cheater. [*To* GILES.] Ho there, you, is Tyll  
Ulenspiegel coming back this evening?

[*TYLL quickly pops his head from behind the box,*

*nodding vigorously to indicate to GILES to say yes. GILES sees it; the others of course do not, for their backs are turned to the box.]*



*François*

GILES: That he is—soon.

FRANÇOIS: Good. We'll earn the ducats this evening yet. When we are through with him he'll not look like a Christian.

EGMONT: Bide your time and set upon him as soon as he arrives.

PIERRE: Never fear, we'll take care. Ho, ho, ho, I can feel the ducat in my pouch.

HUGO: I want him so beaten up that he'll not be able to walk for months. Don't forget there is a golden ducat for each.

FRANÇOIS: It'll be worth more'n a ducat.

TYLL [*popping his head out for a moment*]: Ho, ho!

[GILES *also laughs.*]

EGMONT: What was that? [*They all listen.*]

FRANÇOIS: Naught save that one-eyed thief with the apples, laughing. You there, stop that, or it'll not go well with you.

EGMONT: We'll go now and return later when your task is done. It's then you'll be paid.

FRANÇOIS: We'll do our work well.

[EGMONT and HUGO *leave*. FRANÇOIS and PIERRE *sit down against the box where just a little while ago TYLL and NELE sat. The stage is now quite dark. In the distance the bell still rings every now and then. Some one is also playing a flute.\**]

FRANÇOIS: I wonder how long Tyll will be in coming.

PIERRE: Ho there, you with the single eye. You said he'd return soon, didn't you?

GILES: Soon enough. He'll be here right soon.

[TYLL *carefully puts out a hand and gives a violent tug at FRANÇOIS'S hair, withdrawing on the instant.*]

FRANÇOIS [*turning quickly to PIERRE*]: What do you mean by pulling my hair, you filthy sow?

PIERRE: Don't you call me filthy sow. I did not pull your hair. I don't seek vermin in thieves' skulls.

FRANÇOIS: If you say another word, I'll pound the breath out of your chest.

PIERRE: Try and do it.

[*They sit silent for a few seconds. TYLL carefully*

\* Any instrument, like a guitar or mandolin or violin, might be used instead.

*puts out his hand and whacks PIERRE soundly on his back.]*

PIERRE [*leaping up*]: What the fiends has got into you! Why beat me? You yapping cur! If you do this again I'll thwack your hide until it looks like dried parchment.

FRANÇOIS: I never beat you. I've been sitting here quietly, never raising my hand, just wondering how much longer we must wait for that lout.

PIERRE: You lie. You beat me because you said that I pulled your hair. Where is that accursed clown?

GILES: Not far. Not far.

PIERRE: A curse on him! I'd wish he'd come. I am just in fine fettle to play drums on his head and neck.

*[He sits down. No sooner has he done so than TYLL puts out his hands stealthily and gives a violent pull at PIERRE'S hair and at the same time delivers an ugly blow at FRANÇOIS'S head, so that he almost falls over. Both leap up.]*

FRANÇOIS: You hound—you hit—

PIERRE: You mongrel—you pulled out a handful of my hair. *[They stand ready to fly at each other.]*

FRANÇOIS: I never did, you spittle of the devil.

PIERRE: I never did, you blear-eyed hound—

FRANÇOIS: You lie . . .

*[They are so engrossed in each other that they don't notice TYLL stealing out from under the box, giving a sound kick to FRANÇOIS'S shin. At that FRANÇOIS without another word leaps upon PIERRE and commences to beat and kick him. PIERRE returns the fare with double interest. They thwack and beat each other, rolling around on*

*the floor. GILES is doubling up with laughter. TYLL runs over to NELE and takes hold of her arm.]*

TYLL: Come quick, sweetheart. I've served these two their proper fare—ho, ho, ho! And 'twas Tyll they were going to beat black and blue.

*[The two on the ground stop, exhausted, and first notice TYLL. They both look at him with eyes wide open.]*

FRANÇOIS: }  
PIERRE: } What—ho—

TYLL: My guiding angel set you upon each other as a punishment for wanting to beat me. He directed your fists right and proper. A merry good night.

*[He is off quickly with NELE. The two leap up from the ground to go after him, but the entrance of HUGO and EGMONT arrests them.]*

HUGO: I heard the noise of quarrel and blows. Did you beat that accursed hound as you promised to?

*[Neither FRANÇOIS nor PIERRE replies.]*

EGMONT: You look as if you'd gone through a great battle.

PIERRE: Aye, we did.

HUGO: Where is that lout?

FRANÇOIS: Gone.

HUGO: Gone? How?

FRANÇOIS *[speaking hurriedly]*: He ran. We beat him up so terrible his best friends won't recognize him. He gave us a great battle, though.

PIERRE *[grimly]*: That he surely did.

COUNT HUGO: Fine. Fine indeed.

FRANÇOIS: We certes earned our money.

PIERRE [*catching on to FRANÇOIS*]: That we did. He made us fight like wild cats. Look at our clothes. We gave it to him, though.

COUNT HUGO [*taking out money and giving it to them*]: Here.

FRANÇOIS: Thanks, Master Count. I hope we can serve you soon again.

[*From the distance TYLL and NELE's voices can be heard singing.*]

TYLL AND NELE:

Fairer than all I vow  
 Ever my pride art thou  
 Hyria hysria nazaza . . .

HUGO: 'Tis he, Tyll singing. How's that?

GILES [*rising to go with his basket*]: Aye, 'tis he. Such is ever his wont, Messires—to be merry, no matter what comes to pass.

EGMONT [*to FRANÇOIS and PIERRE*]: It seems to me, judging from your appearances, 'twas you got the beating and not Tyll.

PIERRE [*ugly*]: No matter what happened, we earned our money.

GILES: That they did full well, Messire Count. You forgot no harm can ever come to Tyll, for his joy in life is to right the wrong and sing his way through life.

[*He goes out laughing while the four remaining look at one another angrily.*]

## SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PRODUCER \*

### “THE FAIRY RING”

*Characters.* Forty speaking parts, eighteen or more non-speaking. All boys' parts are interchangeable. The cast can be so doubled that only fifteen children will participate. All Hours can be played by one child, etc., etc.

*Time of Action.* From forty-five minutes to over an hour, depending upon the songs and dances.

*Scenery.* Two adjoining screens in bright blue background. Red and brown cat tails. Red and silver fireflies.

*Costumes.* PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE: The same costume—the varying light accompanying the action will give different colors to the material. Yellow sateen coat and trousers; black skullcap; yellow cardboard or cloth buttons; yellow new mosquito netting or tarlatan ruff. Blue and yellow high hat made of paper and painted.

*Hours:* White silvered shoes; black stockings. Armorlike jacket of white stiff paper, cardboard, or buckram, to resemble the body of a clock. Cut Roman numerals in cardboard or cloth and pin on coat. In this manner one costume can be used for all the hours. If possible, silver the arms. Black skullcap with clock holder cut from cardboard and sewed.

*Trees:* Long brown sateen or muslin gown. Gnarls and bottom design in black. Cardboard headdress. Paint it on both sides with green leaves and black shadows. Sew pieces of cardboard or cloth at the end of the sleeves with leaves design on both sides. Indicate different trees by different shape of leaves.

\* These suggestions are to be used in conjunction with the drawings.

**NIGHT:** Black sateen. **DUSK:** Gray sateen.

**WIND:** Same as in "Ding-a-Ling."

**SHADOWS:** All black; any soft material.

**MOONBEAMS:** Silver-white oilcloth or sateen gown; silver-white hood.

**FLOWERS:** Same as in "Ding-a-Ling."

**STARS:** White or silver oilcloth or sateen costume. Paper or buckram hat the same color. Silver shoes or stockings. Place wires in the seams of the costume to help give the star appearance.

**MOON:** White flannelette costume. Pajamas will do. Moon—yellow drawing paper on frame; or stiff cardboard. White skullcap; silver pompons on trousers. Christmas-tree silver tinsel for fringe on pompons. A shieldlike arrangement with cord in back of the moon will enable the child to hold it.

**GOBLINS:** Green, red, yellow, or black jersey costume. For tights, stockings sewn to a pair of swimming trunks. For jacket, a gymnasium shirt with stockings sewn on as sleeves. Red cardboard, or buckram wing sewn to shirt sleeves. Red paper or buckram ears sewn to black skullcap. Red paper or cloth fringe.

**FAIRIES:** Green organdie dress. Painted gold lines and stars. Gilded paper leaves on skullcap.

**DAWN:** Shoes covered with red felt or oilcloth. White tights. Silver paper scales sewed to white shirt; sleeves (white stockings) ending in silver and red painted pads. White silvered cardboard or paper tail. Red painted feathers. Red paper or buckram headdress. The headdress, tail, and hand pads are painted on both sides.

**SUN:** Same as in "Ding-a-Ling."

*Properties.* Yellow wool ball on orange string. Toadstool umbrellas of paper or any other material. Gayly painted dippers.

*Lighting.* Will have to be done carefully, varying the light according to the hours.

*Make-up.* If possible make up the characters fantastically. **HOURS, DAWN, etc.,** lend themselves to interesting treatment.

*Notes.* The play can be given without scenery or costumes.



Electrified bulbs worked from a hand battery will give the stars a more effective appearance.

### “DING-A-LING”

*Characters.* Eight children from six to nine. Add FLOWERS, etc., to increase cast. All boys' parts are interchangeable.

*Time of Action.* Thirty minutes. Add dances to lengthen.

*Scenery.* Three screens. Ground color, very pale green or yellow. Red and silver stars and leaves. Hill: a few different-sized soap boxes covered with green cloth. Horse's skull: a soap box painted with a horse's skull. Place it near the screen so that a child coming from behind the screen gives the appearance of coming from the skull.

*Costumes.* SPRING: Any pale yellow or soft green flowing material or paper muslin skirt. Cord and pleated. Green jacket; yellow, gold, and silver flowers. The same design for both sides.

NORTH WIND: Black skullcap. Buckram or paper, silver-colored fin. Steel-blue paper muslin or sateen gown. Black mitts—use stockings or gloves. Silver-colored fins on hands and feet and tail. Black flannel stuffed tail.

MASTER SUN: White sateen gown. Paper or buckram buckle, or painted on the costume. Gold paper strips painted red on tips for trimming at the bottom. Cardboard disk; gold inside; red triangle. Red skullcap.

ANGEL: White skullcap; gold stars. Buckram or cardboard gold wings; silver-painted feathers; outlines in black. The wings under arms and around neck. Soft white material for gown. Painted gold stars, or cut from gold paper and sewed on. Gilded wand. Bells at end of ornament.

GRASS: Green sateen or oilcloth costume. Green paper or buckram hat cornucopia.

DEVILS: Flaming red oilcloth or paper muslin flared jackets; tail at end; red hoods, black cardboard horns. Black or silver tights.

**CLOUDS:** Gray or white sateen costumes scalloped. Gray skullcap.

**VIOLET** and **PANSIES:** Petal tunic of paper, paper muslin, or buckram. Cut out of a single piece, lifting the back on wires. Color of tunic according to kind of flower. Dark green paper muslin dresses.

**LILIES OF THE VALLEY:** White oilcloth petal tunic. Dark green stem bodice.

**FORGET-ME-NOT.** Black skullcap; white buttons, millinery wire with yellow wool balls at the end. Green paper muslin or oilcloth cape; black outlines. Green buckram or oilcloth cuffs. Dark green sateen stem trousers.

**CLOVER:** Green cardboard buckram or oilcloth petals. Black skullcap. Dark green sateen or crêpe paper tunic.

**RAINBOW:** Light gray trousers and jacket. Red cardboard medallion and collar. Cardboard rainbow painted in rainbow colors.

*Notes.* The "game dialogue" is spoken in singsong manner.

During the game, the **ANGEL** stands on top of the hill and the **FLOWERS** group themselves picturesquely about him. The **DEVILS** should stand near the skull, and their **FLOWERS** should be grouped about them.

Throughout the action **SUN** stands immovable near the hill.

### "THE BEAN BOY"

*Characters.* Five boys, one girl; two more, either boys or girls. Ages from seven to twelve. As many additional soldiers as desired.

*Time of Action.* About thirty minutes. Increase by repeating songs.

*Scenery.* **DULCE's** home: white or yellow walls, red or brown roofs. Ground, white or yellow, according to color used for houses. **STRING's** house: light blue or green sky; white house, brown roof. Black beanstalks; yellow or green beans. **SANDMAN's** cave: cave

opening, triangular designs, and top in black; encircled area around cave's opening red; rest of screen yellow.

*Costumes.* **STRING:** Coarse green cotton smock. Blue cotton pants; black sash. Colored laces in heavy moccasins, if possible.

**GOBLIN:** Same as in "The Fairy Ring."

**DULCE:** White linen dress; red or black sash; white or yellow lace headpiece; red boots.

**The GOVERNOR:** Gray hat; red cloak.

**SANDMAN:** White muslin or gray duvetyn gown. Headdress set on a wire. Gray lace hanging down.

**ANTONIO:** Red hat; black triangles; gilded ornament. Blue uniform; red epaulets; gold fringe. **SOLDIERS** and **FELIPE** dress similarly.

*Properties.* About a dozen balloons of varying color and size. Lima beans, real or artificial. Two old gunny sacks. Colored bits of glass for moonstones. Strings of beads. Tree toad (painted on cardboard). Old coins. Chest or box. Fantastically cut sheets of colored paper, also old torn, colored pieces of material. A barrel organ resting on a stick. A painted soap box will do. Stick. An old tattered coat and slouch hat.

*Lighting.* Action at **STRING's** home: full, bright. At Cave of Yawns: mysterious blue-green. Final scene: glaring sunlight.

*Make-up.* **SANDMAN:** very fantastic; ashen gray face, green lines. **SOLDIERS:** very ferocious; mustaches, etc.

*Notes.* To produce firing of guns, beat tin sheet or drum.

Use a toy monkey for the **ORGAN-GRINDER.**

### "THREE OF A DIFFERENT KIND"

*Characters.* One girl, nine boys. Ages: six to ten. Six of the boys' parts can be played by girls.

*Time of Action.* Thirty-five to forty minutes.

*Scenery.* Three single panels; one full screen. First panel: light blue sky, copper gold stripes on roof. Building: gray ground color, yellow outlines. Windows: white and black. Park panel:

light blue sky, green-brown trees; red bench (painted or real). Black lamp post; red lamp. Tower screen: black and white tower; red and green lights. Cut openings through which POLICEMAN looks. End panel: gold and red Cock (cut from cardboard and tacked on so it can be removed); light blue sky; gray buildings; red and black windows.

*Costumes.* ANDRÉ and DIANA: Dressed in ordinary street clothes; poorly.

TIN SOLDIER: White flannel, paper, or buckram hat; red peak and ornament. Blue corduroy jacket. Gilded paper or material epaulets; red material or paper trimming on jacket. Gilded buttons; white cotton flannel trousers; black shoes.

STANTON: Blue overalls, besmudged gray shirt, black cap.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON: Silver cloth gown; orange stocking cap.

PUSHBUTTON PRINGLE: Gold-painted cardboard; white button; black ring. Black and white paper or buckram mask.

GOLDEN COCK: Black and red cock's comb and head either made of cardboard or bought ready-made. Buckram or paper wings; gold-painted feathers, black outline. Red trousers, black stockings.

POLICEMAN: Policeman's cap.

DOORKEEPER: Blue uniform; yellow belt and buttons; blue cap.

BELLBOY: Red uniform; red cap.

*Properties.* A long strip of pliable cardboard about three feet by one foot, colored dull green. Sword; gun. Three gilded feathers. A bright silvered whistle.

*Lighting.* Eerie moonlight. Pale green or blue, crossed with magenta from opposite sides of stage.

*Make-up.* STANTON's face: besmudged. MAN-IN-THE-MOON: greenish yellow face; might wear a mask.

*Notes.* Increase height of DOORKEEPER with stilts.

## "GOLDEN CORNSTALK GOES HOME"

*Characters.* Five, and as many LEAVES and INDIANS as desired. All boys' parts can be acted by either boys or girls. Ages, six to ten.

*Time of Action.* Twenty-five minutes. Increase by lengthening dances.

*Scenery.* No scenery if given outdoors; indoors, two screens. Dull reddish brown or gilded ground color. Dull silver face. Outside circle yellow; inner, silver. Hills: dull brown; black and red trees.

*Costumes.* CORNSTALK: Pale yellow trousers and jacket (pajamas). Dark yellow leaves cut from paper or buckram. Stocking skullcap; paper or buckram stalk sewn to it. Dark red kernels. Leaves same as on the costume.

SCARECROW: Any old battered coat and pants; battered straw or derby hat. Dirty gloves; soiled shirt and collar. A stick along the back through the sleeves will prevent the hands from tiring of the horizontal position. Straw sticking from pockets and sleeves.

JACK FROST: Oilcloth or silver material jacket and trousers. White rubber and paper balls strung along the neck. White paper hat.

GASOLINE PUMPS: Black or red paper cylinders. Paper drum for headdress in contrasting color. Striped material for the arms. Mitts on hands with paper design of nozzle sewed to thumb. Black pants. Cardboard on soles with painted nails.

LEAVES: Leaf or hard yellow, brown or red cardboard or buckram attached to costume. Green stems. Autumn yellow or dark brown jacket and trousers.

INDIANS: Rope or mop or black cotton wig. Colored beads. Brown gymnasium shirt or nude torso painted brown. Skirt of white or tan toweling material. Indian design border. Belt or paint design on skirt.

*Properties.* Tomahawks. Broomstick. Whip for JACK FROST. Automobile horn.

*Lighting.* Yellowish blue, suggesting autumn moonlight.

*Notes.* Indian dance and INDIANS can be eliminated.

Recite song of the GASOLINE PUMPS in singsong fashion.

For Indian call look up a volume on Indian lore.

### “THE CLOWN OF DOODLE DOO”

*Characters.* Six children from six to ten, and as many extra clowns as desired. All boys' parts are interchangeable.

*Time of Action.* About half an hour. Add songs and dances to lengthen.

*Scenery.* One screen in white ground color. Extreme edge, black. Yellow paper sign; black lettering; gold cord. Red tent. A piece of cardboard or stick for the pole. Any wooden bench with added designed sides in drawing paper or cardboard. Black design; gold triangles. Gay green, gold, and blue pots and stems.

*Costumes.* KA-CHEW: Sateen or paper muslin, full, stuffed clown costume. White ruff; black buttons. Hoop of reed or wire with bells around neck. Black shoes lengthened by covering with cardboard extension. Cardboard, buckram, or felt hat with white edge. Black skullcap. Black gloves or mitts.

CLOWNS-IN-WAITING: Black cotton duvetyne coat. Very crude and ill-fitting. Red lining. Black shoes and gloves. Extend shoes in same way as KA-CHEW's. Red cardboard, buckram, or cloth hat; white edge. One red and one white pant.

CLYTEMNESTRA CLEMENTINA: Gold or green pompons of wool or paper on a ribbon or cardboard around the head. Gold cloth or oilcloth waist; white sateen or organdie sleeves; skirt same material as the sleeves. White stockings; gilded slippers.

TED: Sailor suit, or any everyday suit.

MOLLIE: Light blue organdie or silk dress, or any everyday dress.

**CLUMSY CLOWNS:** They dress similarly to KA-CHEW and the CLOWNS-IN-WAITING except for a difference in color of materials. You can also use dilapidated everyday clothes with rents and large bright-colored patches.

*Properties.* Flowerpots with different-colored balloons tied to sticks. Flowerpots with bags of peanuts tied to sticks, others with peppermints, and still others with popcorn.

Notebook. Mattress. Barrel. Phonograph. A few stools. Horn. Rolling hoops. Suitcase. Luncheon basket. Scrubbing brush. Colored umbrella. Bird cage. Spool of black cotton thread. Soap-bubble pipe and bowl. Small toy blackboard. White chalk. Wash-basin. Towel. Tinselled handkerchief. A few soap boxes strewn around.

*Make-up.* All the CLOWNS should be made up in the traditional manner: face all white, heavily marked eyebrows, exaggerated mouth, etc. CLOWNS-IN-WAITING should have exaggerated noses as well as some of the CLOWNS. Such noses can either be bought or be made up of putty.

### “THE DOWRY OF COLUMBINE”

*Characters.* Four girls and ten boys; four of the latter are interchangeable. Ages, from five to seventeen or eighteen. As many PIRATES as desired.

*Time of Action.* About an hour. Lengthen by repeating songs.

*Scenery.* Three screens. On white background paint stripes in all colors of the rainbow, red, green, blue, yellow, violet, etc. In front of the center screen stands a long narrow table or bench covered with painted muslin or paper—also multicolor. Before the table stands a box painted in same colors. Set the two side screens in fore-stage and table between back to form parapet.

*Costumes.* TWINKLETOES: Lemon-yellow suit of sateen, black ruff. Soso: White organdie dress trimmed with pink. Both these characters can also be dressed like GOBLINS. See “The Fairy Ring.”

**THE FIDDLER:** Dull green sateen suit. Black shoes and hat.

**HARLEQUIN, PIERROT, COLUMBINE:** All in the usual costume associated with these characters. Consult any costume book.

**DOCTOR:** Black coat and hat; any colored trousers.

**CAPTAIN PEG:** Gray felt or duvetyne hat, black rim. Earrings; gray shirt; striped sash; red trousers; boots of paper or oilcloth.

**SECOND-IN-COMMAND:** Similar to **CAPTAIN**. No plume in hat. Other **PIRATES** dressed in any ragged, soiled, old clothes; bare-foot.

*Properties.* Pail. Mop. Some kind of wooden box to look like treasure chest. An ordinary box covered with red cloth will do. A black leather bag from which peep chisel, hammer, oil can, saw, thermometer, stethoscope, and other medical instruments. Knives, daggers, swords (wooden or real), pistols, guns, and other weapons associated with pirates. Notebook and pencil for the **DOCTOR**. Red-painted heart-shaped piece of cardboard. Coins. Balloons.

*Lighting.* Bright yellow, red embers of sunset to bluish green for evening lights.

*Make-up.* **FIDDLER** might wear mask. Otherwise make up to look eerie. **TWINKLETOES'** and **Soso's** faces also should look "queer." Greenish with gray lines. **PIERROT** and **COLUMBINE** should be made up in the traditional manner. **PIRATES:** battered up; patched eyes, soiled faces, and arms. The **DOCTOR's** mustache might be painted on.

### "A TALE FROM INDIA"

*Characters.* Six boys and six girls from seven to seventeen. As many animals as desired. Some of the boys' parts are interchangeable.

*Time of Action.* Forty-five minutes. If divided into three acts, and with additional dances, it will make a full evening's entertainment.

*Scenery.* Three single panels. **BARBER's** house, extreme left;



white background; vermilion-red door and cupola. Center, the BARBER's garden: bright blue ground color; tree, grass, and fruits in green, yellow, and gold. The leaves should be done on an extra piece of compo board about two and a half feet high, and placed about three feet before the panel. This will make it possible to hide the melons. The third panel is the BRAHMIN's house: yellow ground color; black outlines and windows.

*Costumes.* JACKAL: Brown cotton duvetyn tights and jacket all in one piece. Brown felt collar and loin cloth; painted claws. Brown stuffed tail. Animal head sewed to cloth. If JACKAL's head cannot be procured, buy a wolf's head, or dog's, and repaint according to pictures in natural history books. After shedding the animal costume the JACKAL wears one similar to the PRINCE except for a difference in color. Old-rose coat and pants with silver border.

The BARBER: White muslin coat; red neckpiece; greenish shirt. White cardboard turban, red-striped. One trouser-leg is red, the other white. Add cardboard or oilcloth points to ordinary shoes.

The BARBER'S WIFE: White muslin gown, yellow sateen or cheesecloth head covering. Red and white cardboard ornament sewed to it.

The DANCING GIRL: Violet paper muslin waist and very wide skirt. The latter is edged with white tarlatan. Blue sash and blue pantalettes. Bright red edging sewed or painted on sleeves and skirt. White sateen kerchief; the star is set on wire; gilded paper or metal circlet. Red slippers; multicolor beads.

KNIFE: Black muslin or velvet trousers and sleeves. Red stuffed roll on bottom of latter. Silver-colored stiff paper or buckram knife cover over head and body. Cardboard or felt hilt painted black and red and sewed to knife jacket.

The BRAHMIN: White flannel gown. Black and white striped flannel turban. White felt beard sewed to turban.

The JEWELER: Red sateen robe; gilded tassel. Same kind of tassels on cuffs and hat. Green wool pompons before the tassels. Black paper or buckram headdress; green-gold point. The balls

are of green wool or paper sewed on. Attach black-dyed rope or felt wig to hat. Extended points of green paper or oilcloth on shoes.

The PRINCE: Jade-green sateen coat and trousers; gold paper or cloth border. Red paper or buckram hat; gilded paper or gold-painted triangular design. Gilded paper ornament on top. Ornament on coat: painted gold paper or metal. Golden-colored stockings. Cover shoes with red felt or linoleum.

STICK: Brown poplin jacket and pants; black pads and buttons of either painted paper or buckram.

BRAHMIN'S daughters: All dress alike save for a difference in colors. Velvet or sateen waists—yellow, green, rose. White cheesecloth skirt; colored slippers to match waist. Either real, paper, or painted multicolor bracelets. Gold, silver, and red or green painted belts. Yellow headdress silver-tinted.

The JACKAL'S friends, CAT, ELEPHANT, TIGER, LION, CAMEL, etc.: Depending upon the animal heads procurable. Follow JACKAL'S costume.

*Properties.* A stick, small and thin. Stool painted in Indian design. Blue-painted brush. Money bag made of Indian print; some coins. Basket and trays for fruit. Real or artificial fruit. Long stick. About five paper melons varying in size. (Can be made of paper or bought at Dennison Mfg. Co., Fifth Ave. and 26th Street, New York City.) Cheap jewelry. Large green glass cut like a jewel. An earthen jug. A box or basket large enough to hold small child.

*Lighting.* Attend carefully to lighting, which varies with the action of the play.

*Make-up.* Legs and arms and faces should be painted a deep Indian brown. Redden lips; Indian symbols on foreheads.

*Notes.* The STICK must be a very thin and small child.

Fill the magic jug with incense smoke before bringing it on the stage for the PRINCE to open.

The speech of the character should be more or less stylized. It will add to the quaintness of the play.

Melons growing: Attach four or five melons to a string that runs over the screen. Melons should be hidden behind the leaves before the center screen. At the proper moment have some one from behind pull them up.

All the characters might wear masks. Either make them or buy inexpensive "false faces" and paint them to look Indian. B. Schachman Co., 908 Broadway, New York City, sells every kind of mask.

### "MERRY TYLL"

*Characters.* Four girls, nine boys, mob. Ages, ranging from six to seventeen or even eighteen. Many boys' parts are interchangeable.

*Time of Action.* About forty-five minutes.

*Scenery.* Three sets of screens. Left: white background; red outline of house; blue sky over left-hand panel; yellow house, black window. Center screen: yellow ground color; red poles and ornaments; white-painted box for stand, red ornaments. Alongside of this, jutting out to the side, must stand a large box or barrel behind which TYLL hides toward the end of the play. End screen: white ground color; green windows. Blue sky line on right panel; red outline of house; black windows.

Instead of the design indicated some medieval scene might be copied. Consult any history volume with colored drawings.

*Costumes.* MARGUERITE: Dark green shawl or cape; yellow dress; black or white apron.

TYLL: Red buckram, paper, or stocking cap and ears; white muslin ruff; white shirt; black sateen vest; red sateen trousers.

NELE: Black sateen vest; red and white striped skirt; green stockings; black slippers, red hat.

GILES: Ragged gray flannel cloak, green and white striped stocking cap; ragged trousers.

FRANÇOIS and PIERRE: Red flannel cap and cloak, gray sateen trousers, black shoes. The color of the materials of each might be varied.

**COUNT HUGO:** Black skullcap; gold cardboard or material ornaments; green sateen rim. Black velvet neckcloth; green sateen gown; black velvet trimmings on gown and sleeves. Black stockings; red felt shoes, gold decorations.

**EGMONT:** Somewhat similar, or any medieval costume.

**SOLDIER:** Buckram or cardboard painted silver headgear, armor, and boots. Gilded feather. Silvered cardboard shield. Red flannel jacket and trousers.

**CROWD:** Follow designs in any good medieval costume book.

*Properties.* Stick. Basket with apples and gingerbread, real or artificial. Paint apples and gingerbread on cardboard. One real apple and gingerbread cake. Basket with dolls, real or painted on cardboard. Large packing box or barrel. Small curtain. Platter with bits of bread and meat and bones. A straw frame large enough for TYLL to put his head through. Either real straw or painted effect. Bell. Flute or violin or mandolin. Bell for TYLL's cap. Wand for TYLL. Copy from some medieval scene.

*Lighting.* Action runs during late afternoon, sunset, and dark twilight. Adjust colors accordingly.

*Music.* The song should be accompanied by faint music from flute, mandolin, or any other string instrument. Any other old song can be used instead.

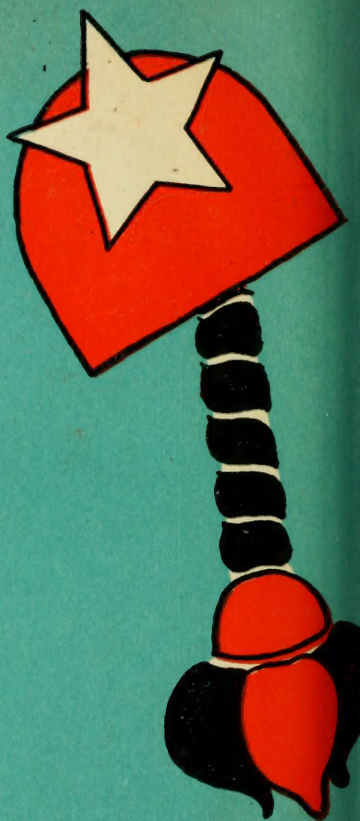
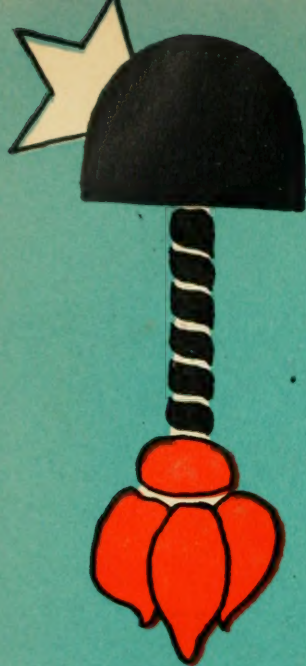
*Notes.* GILES and MARGUERITE cry out their wares in singsong tones. TYLL addresses the crowd in the same manner.

Instead of the costumes described, medieval design such as will be found in any good volume on the subject can be used.













The lack of dramatic material for production by young people has been the chief incentive in the compiling of this book. Teachers and directors of children's plays realize how difficult it is to find material that is suitable for acting, simple enough for production and yet of artistic and literary worth.

These plays are written particularly for boys and girls and to each play is added a careful description of the cast of characters and a brief summary of the play itself.

Remo Bufano has supplemented these descriptions with amusing but clear and accurate pictures of the sets and costumes.

The plays varying widely in their subject matter and style are suitable for different ages. They represent the best work of different authors who have been experimenting with children, and all the plays have had actual tryouts which made clear what practical points had to be explained in the helpful prefaces, besides testing their value with the children.

The author and editor is well-known in this field, both for his own play writing, and for his championship for a children's theatre in New York.

